THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ANTHONY LEGER, Esq;

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ANTHONY LEGER, Esq; OR, THE MAN OF SHIFTS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

———See where he comes
Who has prophan'd the ſacred Name of Friend
And worn it into Vileneſs!
With how ſecure a Brow and ſpecious Form
He gilds the ſecret Villain!

Dryden.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by T. Wilkins, Aldermanbury:
Sold alſo by J. Bew, Paternoſter-Row; and
T. Hookham, New Bond-Street.

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THE

THE ADVENTURES OF ANTHONY LEGER, Esq.

CHAP. I.

Dispute about Law — Opinions about Love—the Card Table—the Battle—the Consequences.

THE conversation between these two gentlemen, learned in the law, was on a point in which they happened to differ in sentiment: both of them conceited and positive, they had wrought up each other almost to passion. "Sir,"

ſaid Leger, at the time he thumped the table, and diſturbed the ladies, "you muſt allow, at leaſt I take the liberty to tell you, that a Counſellor's knowledge of theſe things muſt be far ſuperior to that of a common Attorney." "And I, Sir," ſaid Clinker, "muſt take the liberty to tell you, that an Attorney, whoſe practice has been large like mine, who has carried ſo many cauſes into ſo many Courts, and prepared ſo many briefs for Counſel, may, though he cannot plead at the bar, be at leaſt allowed to give a decided opinion in a matter of law."

They were proceeding to "ſir" each other, when Mr. Garnock, who had liſtened with great attention, and to very little edification, interpoſed, with a view to prevent a quarrel. "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "I doubt not but you are both ſufficiently learned in your profeſſion; but, do you underſtand one another? for my part, I have liſtened to you both with

with all the care I could, anh though I cannot underſtand your arguments, yet I hope you are more nearly agreed than you ſeem to think you are."

"How the devil ſhould you underſtand us? they both exclaimed, "What can a dealer in ſugar-plumbs know of law? You may be very clever, Mr. Garnock, behind your counter; but pri'thee man, leave us to ſettle our own diſputes."

Silenced by this rebuke, the Grocer ſat quiet, but Miſs Delia, wiſhing to make converſation more general, propoſed a change of ſubject, to which her inamorato Mr. Clinker, very chearfully acceded.

"Inſtead of law," ſaid Miſs Delia, "let us talk about love. We are all unmarried perſons, ſo I cannot think the ſubject improper. I am, it is true, what the world call an Old Maid; but it does not follow from thence, that I have no ſentiments concerning the tender paſſion.

I ſuppoſe that every one of us have ſettled our opinions concerning what forms a pleaſing attachment. I ſhould much like to hear the thoughts of the company."

"With all my heart," ſaid Leger, "let us change from law to love; and as Miſs Delia propoſed it, ſhe ſhall begin: ſhe ſays, ſhe has ſentiments concerning what forms a pleaſing attachment—tho' I have ſtudied love as well as law, I expect very much pleaſure in hearing the account of one who is a veteran under love's banner."

"Your humble ſervant, ſir," ſaid Miſs Delia, "but I ſhall not gratify you with any hiſtory of myſelf, nor acquaint you whether it is my misfortune, or my choice, that I am an old maid. I ſhall only give you my opinion of what forms a pleaſing attachment.

Some attachments are founded on perſonal grace and beauty, and theſe would

would be permanently pleaſing, as long as gracefulneſs and beauty laſt, if the eye was all that is concerned in love but that not being the caſe, we ſee many paſſions very ardent and pleaſing in their beginning, ſoon degenerate into indifference and even diſguſt; *form*, therefore alone, whatever ſhare it may have of a pleaſing attachment, as an *accidental* part of it, is not an *eſſential* one. You may perhaps ſmile at me, when you look at my figure, for ſaying ſo; but I cannot alter my opinion.

True love, I conceive, conſiſts in the parties being agreeable to each other in the toute enſemble: it is not founded in one thing more than another, and it may be impoſſible for the parties to give a reaſon, why they took a liking to each other, rather than to other perſons confeſſedly more generally pleaſing; but they can tell how that mutual agreeableneſs grew up to tenderneſs, and even

ardency of affection, by mutual endeavours to please.

Love therefore, in my opinion, is an union of the heart, by which the parties are more to one another than all the world beside; an union which pervades all the departments of life, and diffuses an universal sympathy in joys and sorrows: it subsists in that agreeable idea, which the parties have formed of each other in their own minds; in consequence of which, they are always pleasing to, and endeavouring to please each other."

"She speaks like an oracle, by God," exclaimed Leger, "my dear little philosopher, did you never taste the sweets of such an attachment?"

"Fair and softly, my good sir," said Miss Delia, I told you, I should not gratify you with a history of my own affairs, but only give you my opinion: I shall now wait for the opinion of the rest of the

the company; for yours, if you pleaſe, to take the next turn."

"That I ſhall not permit," ſaid Mr. Clinker, "my regard for the amiable Miſs Delia Pierpont, will not ſuffer me to wait longer for an opportunity of expreſſing my hearty concurrence with her ſentiments, provided ſhe will ſuffer me to make a little amendment."

"As much amendment as you pleaſe, ſir," ſaid Miſs Delia, "I am eager for it, as a lawyer's amendment will certainly be curious."

"It ſhall be rational, my dear Miſs Delia, and I flatter myſelf, will meet your approbation. To the point then: you have excellently deſcribed what conſtitutes a pleaſing attachment, when the paſſions are fluſhed with youth and vigour; but we, my dear lady, are rather paſt the meridian: ſuppoſe therefore, that inſtead of love, we ſubſtitute friend-

ſhip. Is it not poſſible to form a pleaſing attachment upon that baſis ?"

"I cannot ſay, ſir, not having conſidered it; but I ſhall think of your propoſal at my leiſure," ſaid Miſs Delia, "I only wiſh now to remind the company, not to be led from the ſubject by Mr. Puzzle-cauſe. It is love, not friendſhip, that we are talking of."

The obſequious lover of money, bowed aſſent, and Miſs Darby, who had waited impatiently for her turn, now broke ſilence, fixing her eyes attentively upon Leger.

"I am much obliged," ſaid ſhe, "to Miſs Delia, for her ſentiments of a pleaſing attachment, I heartily join with her as far as they go, but in my idea of a pleaſing attachment, they are defective, at leaſt I muſt have ſomething more to make me happy: I do not lay much ſtreſs on the form, but yet I wiſh it to be agreeable: but the man I wiſh to be at-

attached to me, and whom I could love with equal attachment, muſt be a man of ſenſe, able from his knowledge and obſervation, to diſcourſe on all topics with propriety. Beſides good natural abilities, I chuſe he ſhould be a man of learning, of one of the liberal profeſſions; I would not be nice which, though I think I ſhould prefer the law—he muſt alſo be a man of ſpirit and vivacity, for I hate a drone as much as I do a dunce; and where the two qualifications are united, they are to me deteſtable. I call them qualifications, becauſe they may be recommendatory to *ſome perſons*, though not to me."

So ſaying, Miſs Darby caſt a ſignificant and malicious look at good Mr. Garnock and Mrs. Williams, a look which fully indicated her ſentiments, that widow Williams ought to be content and pleaſed with the illiterate tradeſman, and

give up the man of ſenſe, learning and vivacity to her.

Mrs. Williams felt the full force of it, and was exceedingly nettled; ſhe had been chagrined before, ſhe was now provoked. This daring forwardneſs of Miſs Darby, and before her face too, was more than ſhe could bear. Mr. Garnock ſeemed not to comprehend the meaning of her look, but he had attended to her harangue to the Counſellor, and heartily wiſhed her ſucceſs; as that bar removed, he ſhould again ſtand a chance for widow Williams.

The ladies now called for cards, and the two Miſſes, the Widow and the Counſellor, engaged at Whiſt. Ill luck trod on the heels of Mrs. Williams all that day, for in cutting for partners ſhe miſſed of her Counſellor, and was coupled with Miſs Darby: it was ſome conſolation, however, that Miſs Darby was not coupled with Leger, who had Miſs

Delia

Delia for his partner. Mr. Garnock, and Mr. Clinker, took pipes and ſat by the fire.

Mrs. Williams's mind was too much agitated to attend properly to her play—luck ran againſt her—ſhe was out of temper and pettiſh—but her pettiſhneſs was chiefly directed at Miſs Delia, who was waſpiſh in her turn. They played and wrangled until the little lady's waſpiſh diſpoſition was quite inflamed. Mrs. Williams charged her with unfair play, and ſhe in return, ſtretching her ſpider-arms over the table, ſeized the Widow's cap, and tore it from her head, who returned the compliment by ſeizing her cap in like manner.

The intervening table, prevented cloſer conflict: our heroines therefore roſe to engage in the middle of the room. Miſs Darby enjoyed the ſcene, ſenſible that it aroſe intirely from the vexation ſhe had given Mrs. Williams about Leger.—He

was confounded, and knew not what to do—Mr. Clinker leiſurely laid down his pipe, with a deſign to riſe and part the fray: but Mr. Garnock, daſhing his pipe into the fire, fled to the place of action, and kicking up the heels of Miſs Delia, laid her ſprawling on the floor. Mr. Clinker arrived juſt time enough to aſ-ſiſt her to riſe.

She aroſe, and at the ſame time, there aroſe with her a ſmell which was ſtrongly perceived by every one preſent: Miſs Delia herſelf was more diſconcerted by the effluvia which ſurrounded her, than by the fall, as it betrayed a matter, which though not criminal, ſhe did not chooſe every one ſhould know—a phial of Ratifee, which ſhe carried in her pocket for occaſional comfort, was fractured in her fall, and emitted this odour which ſo greatly diſconcerted her.

The ſtorm was now pretty well over, and each took a chair and ſullenly ſat

down.

down. Mr. Clinker, with calmneſs and gravity reſumed his pipe; then addreſſing Mr. Garnock, "Sir," ſaid he, "your treatment of the lady whom I glory to honour with my diſtinguiſhing regards, calls upon me to revenge her cauſe. I will amply do it Sir, I will bring an action againſt you, for aſſault and battery, and depend upon it, Sir, I ſhall get ſwinging damages.

Poor Garnock, when he tripped up Delia's heels, never dreamt of an action, he only ſought to deliver his Widow from the claws of her antagoniſt, and then to make a merit of it in urging his ſuit. Finding himſelf thus threatened, he turned to Leger, and with great ſeriouſneſs addreſſed him thus,

"Sir, you are witneſs to all that has paſſed, and you are a lawyer, Can this man bring an action againſt me, for only tripping up Miſs Pierpont's heels?" "Aye, ſurely," ſaid Leger, "a man may

bring

bring an action for any cauſe whatever, but the matter is, to maintain it. Now, if you are wiſe and will be ruled by me, I'll put you in a way how to manage him: I'll let him know whether I underſtand law."

"Good ſir," ſaid Garnock, "you know I do not underſtand law, and this fellow may ruin me and my poor children. Now, you know, that what I did was to ſerve Mrs. Williams; I had no ill will to Miſs Pierpont, and as to her bottle of Ratifee, it could not be worth a great deal: I have plenty of phials in the houſe, that the doctor ſent with ſtuff for my poor wife, ſhe ſhall have as many as ſhe will, and I will pay for the liquor that was ſpilled."

"Poh, poh, man," ſaid Leger, "never mind him, I'll maintain your ſuit againſt him; and Mrs. Williams ſhall bring another againſt Miſs Delia, for aſſaulting her cap. Law-ſuits breed like maggots,

maggots. Our feaſt to-day, you know, was on account of the ſuit I gained for Mrs. Williams; and now we ſhall have two more: but never mind, I'll manage matters, I warrant you.

The hoſtile ladies had by this time adjuſted their dreſs, and Miſs Delia departed, accompanied by Clinker as her champion. Miſs Agnes Darby would have ſtayed longer, to enjoy the mortification of Mrs. Williams, but that lady's temper having already broke through reſtraint, ſhe told her, without ceremony, "her company was no longer deſired.

Mr. Garnock alſo, after having again ſolicited Leger to do his beſt for him, took leave, and left Leger and the Widow alone.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Well-timed Flattery—Visits to Miss Delia *—and Miss* Darby.

THE company being all gone, widow Williams gave vent to her sorrows by tears; and lamented her misfortune in plaintive accents: she confessed to Leger, that the conduct of Miss Darby had sowered her temper; that her advances to him had exceedingly grieved and vexed her; and the more so as she saw him return her looks.

"My dear charmer," said he, "you know a man must be gallant with the ladies; but sure you have too much confidence in my fidelity to apprehend that Miss Darby could supplant you in my heart; I despise her coquettish airs: forwardness

forwardneſs in a woman, is horridly diſguſting to me; but when one is with them in company, there is no avoiding either a ſullenneſs of behaviour, or a return of advances; and politeneſs you know, dictates the laſt: but my heart is yours, and ever will be while my name is Leger. How could you ſuſpect a moment your faithful Anthony, when I have given you ſuch repeated and ſolemn aſſurances of my love?

Beſides, my charmer, how could you forget your ſuperiority in point of beauty. Agnes Darby never was handſome, and years have not improved her. I know not which to admire moſt, her folly or her impudence, in attempting to rival the lovely Mrs. Williams. You, my dear Madam, are much to blame to ſuffer your peace to be broke on her account. Go to the glaſs, my angel, and ſee, all lovely as you are, if there is any

degree

degree of comparifon between dowdy Darby and my amiable Widow.

I hate, as I told you before, all forwardnefs in the fex; I deteft a coquette from my foul; but I confefs, I take pleafure in returning their advances, and love to divert myfelf, by making the fools believe they have made a conqueft. Let your dear heart be at reft from all jealous thoughts, and let me alone to manage her, and you fhall be revenged upon her in her own way."

"Well," faid the Widow, "do as you pleafe, I will believe you are faithful, but this has been a vexatious day upon feveral accounts. That vixen Delia, tearing off my cap, I really thought fhe would have fcratched my eyes out: and vexed as I was, I could not help laughing to fee her laid on the floor. Only think of carrying a dram bottle in her pocket. The demure old Slut could

hardly

hardly be perſuaded to drink a drop of brandy after dinner, for ſhe never took ſpirits.

Do you think that formal fool her lover, will take the law of Mr. Garnock? poor man, I ſhall be ſorry if he ſuffers on my account." "A fiddle-ſtick for your ſorrow," ſaid Leger, "I hope Clinker will be as good as his word; curſe on the hearts of them both, I hope to ſee them up to the ears in law, and ſo they ſhall be if I can plunge them." "Why ſo warm, Mr. Leger," ſaid the Widow, "what has Mr. Garnock done to excite your anger?" "Done," ſaid he, "I hate the ſkulking fellow—I hate to ſee him poking his noſe in here two or three times in a day—let him keep behind his counter."

"Hey day!" ſaid Mrs. Williams, "what is coming now, is Mr. Leger jealous? What have you ſeen in my behaviour to excite ſuſpicion? if you have ſeen

ſeen me ogle him as Miſs Darby ogled you, there had been ſome cauſe for jealouſy." "Patience my dear Widow, I am not jealous, but I hate the fellow, for I know he wiſhes me at the devil—I hate both him and Clinker too, and if it lies in my way, will fleece them both. But believe me, Mrs. Williams, I know myſelf too well to be jealous of Mr. Garnock."

Vexation of mind, and the fatigues of the day, diſpoſed Mrs. Williams to retire to reſt: as it was rather early, Leger ſaid, he would ſit up an hour or two to read. When the Widow was gone, the book was laid down, and he began to ruminate on the ſituation of affairs; and how he ſhould turn them to his own advantage. Law and love both ſeemed to offer their aſſiſtance, and he felt himſelf much inclined to make uſe of them.

At breakfaſt next morning, our Hero moved for a reconciliation between Miſs Delia

Delia and Mrs. Williams: he urged their long acquaintance and friendſhip, and thought it was a pity a breach ſhould remain between them, which would never have happened, but for the petulance of Miſs Darby. Mrs. Williams was pleaſed with the propoſal; declared ſhe had no ill will to Delia, and was ſorry her vexation had made her ſo quarrelſome: ſhe hoped too, that the reconciliation between them, would prevent Clinker from putting his threats againſt Garnock in execution.

"Well," ſaid Leger, "though I hate them both, I have no wiſh to keep up the quarrel between them. But Clinker I believe, will hardly give up the matter, he is a litigious old fellow, and has certainly right on his ſide; but for your ſake, my dear, and to convince you that I am not jealous, I will undertake and manage Garnock's cauſe for him."

Though Leger propoſed the reconciliation, he meant nothing leſs: he did

it to amuſe Mrs. Williams, whoſe good nature he was afraid would lead her to ſeek it. To prevent her, he therefore propoſed it himſelf, and undertook to be ambaſſador of peace.

He waited on Miſs Delia, and made her many compliments of condolence on the ill-treatment ſhe had met with the day before—lamented the abſurdity of Mrs. Williams's behaviour—ſaid that it aroſe from jealouſy, excited by the folly of Miſs Darby—and jealouſy you know my dear Madam, is the madneſs of a woman. "But why," ſaid Miſs Delia, "ſhould her ill-nature be pointed at me? What had I done?"

"Oh!" ſaid Leger, "you don't know her, madam: why you was my partner, that was one thing: luck run againſt her, that was another: and to be plain with you, the fool is jealous of you, as well as of Miſs Darby." "If that is the caſe," ſaid Miſs Delia, "I ſhall take care not to provoke her again."

"You

"You are quite right, Madam," ſaid Leger, and as ſoon as my affairs are ſettled, I will deliver myſelf from her ill-nature and petulence. You cannot conceive to what extravagant lengths her jealouſy drives her, and if I ſuffer thus much from is now, what may I not expect after marriage?"

Miſs Delia was much ſurpriſed by this declaration, and ſaid, "To be ſure ſir, if the ſcenes of yeſterday may be taken for a ſample of the life you lead, it is intolerable enough; but, that the fool ſhould be jealous of me, is amazing."

"Why, ſo amazing, my good Lady? Are you not amiable? Are you not ſenſible? Do you not poſſeſs a number of good qualities, to which ſhe is a ſtranger? Does not your education—your knowledge of the world—your fortune, ſet you above her? My God, what degree of compariſon is there between you?"

"Why all this, ſir," ſaid Miſs Delia, "have you then indeed pretentions to me?"

me?" "None in the world Madam, but the pureſt friendſhip and moſt reverential regard. I am a man of honour, Miſs Delia. Mr. Clinker you know——

But now I have mentioned him, ſuffer me to expreſs my ſentiments freely concerning the affair of Garnock. I hope Mr. Clinker will chaſtiſe that fellow, for he deſerves it. He will, I hope, bring an action for the aſſault upon your perſon: a brutal dog, to kick up a lady's heels! I hope, my dear lady, you received no material injury by the fall?"

"Whatever injury I received from the fall, is nothing to you, ſir; Mr. Clinker will ſtate that properly; and as you are in pay on the other ſide, you muſt anſwer if you can." "Upon my honour, Madam," ſaid Leger, "I had quite forgot that circumſtance, when I aſked the queſtion. Why there now, you ſee what compliances I am forced to; I muſt act againſt my friends, in defence of that fellow, becauſe my ſweet Widow will

will have it ſo. And being engaged, I muſt, you know, do what I can to defend him; for the ſake of my profeſſional character: and yet—there are ways and means—there are douceurs in law, which will ſhut as well as open a counſellor's mouth, and yet ſave appearances."

Miſs Delia took the hint, our Hero ſhe thought might be a formidable opponent, but there was an effectual way to diſarm him: ſhe threw her purſe upon the table: it contained about ſeven guineas: "Expend that trifle for me," ſaid ſhe, "in a way of friendly ſervice; I give you no directions, but leave you to your own diſcretion." "Depend upon me, Madam, I know my buſineſs, and your point ſhall be carried."

The purſe was ſoon pocketed—profeſſions of friendſhip flowed rapidly from our Hero's tongue. The Widow and Garnock were plentifully ridiculed, and Mr. Clinker praiſed as a great profeſſional man. He then departed to try

his luck with Miſs Darby: here love, not law, was the card to play.

Scarcely was Leger departed, when Clinker arrived, "My dear Miſs Delia," ſaid he, "I am determined you ſhall be revenged, for the affront you received yeſterday. You ſee my zeal to ſerve you, and I hope you will ſoon reward me: I have been this morning already, and laid your caſe before two of the moſt eminent counſel, you need not fear the Widow's bull-dog, for we are more than a match for him." "The Widow's bull-dog," ſaid ſhe, "is tame as a ſpaniel." Then ſhe related the viſit—the converſation, and the bribe. "Very well," ſaid Clinker, "that's my good girl, we will try to ſave that money in our future expenſes; as one counſel leſs than I intended will now certainly do."

Miſs Darby was in tranſports, when ſhe heard our Hero's name announced; ſhe fled to meet him at the top of the ſtairs,

ſtairs, and ſcarcely ſuffered him to enter the dining-room, before ſhe began to interrogate him concerning the Widow. All in one breath ſhe demanded, "How does your Virago do, after yeſterday's campaign? how is her cap? is it ruined paſt recovery?" with a number more queſtions of the ſame kind, which ſhe rattled off as faſt as her clack could go, without waiting an anſwer to any thing.

"I could not forbear," ſaid Leger, "devoting an hour this morning, to enquire after your welfare, after the uncivil manner in which you was laſt night diſmiſſed." "You are very good, indeed," ſaid ſhe, "but you know, it was for your ſake, that I got myſelf affronted, ſo you ought to be attentive to me a little. But pray, does your Dear know of your viſit?" "No child, no, I would not have her for the world. We had ſuch weeping, and ſuch remonſtrating laſt night, that you would have pitied

me, had you ſeen and heard it. Really Miſs Darby, the fond fool grows quite ſurfeiting, and has the vanity to think I ought to return her fooliſh and diſguſting paſſion."

"Why, ſir," ſaid Miſs Darby, "do not you court her? Are you not ſoon to be married to her? And would you think of marrying a woman that did not love you? "No, certainly," ſaid he, "nor would I marry every fool that takes it into her head to love me. You muſt know, my dear Madam, that Mrs. Williams began the courtſhip, and as my affairs in Chancery have met with unexpected delays, I have been obliged to humour and amuſe her, leaſt ſhe ſhould dun me for my board. But lord bleſs you, Miſs Darby, can you think widow Williams a ſuitable match for me?" "Indeed ſir," ſaid ſhe, her eyes gliſtening with pleaſure, "I thought it exceeding ſtrange you ſhould make ſuch a choice."

After

After an hour ſpent in ridiculing Mrs. Williams, an hour moſt delightful to Miſs Darby, Leger departed, with a promiſe to renew his viſits, as often as he could do it with ſecrecy.

Mrs. Williams thought his abſence long; her good-nature, and deſire of peace, made her impatient to know the reſult of her negociation: ſhe had alſo called her neighbour, Mr. Garnock, to hear the good news, that his adverſaries had agreed to ceaſe hoſtilities. Leger entered with ſeeming deep concern upon his countenance, and took his ſeat by the ſide of his Widow, who anxiouſly enquired his ſucceſs.

"Indeed my dear," ſaid he, ſqueezing her hand, which ſhe had fondly put into his, "you may judge, by the time I have been abſent, that I have laboured hard to bring about an accommodation with your old friend; but the little waſp is as crooked in her diſpoſition, as in her

 perſon.

perſon. All I could ſay to excuſe you, only irritated her more. She does not indeed threaten you with law, becauſe ſhe knows ſhe began the aſſault: but ſhe has taken it into her head, that you are jealous of her, as well as of Miſs Darby, and will take care how ſhe comes in the way of a jealous fury."

"Well," ſaid the Widow, "I am very ſorry for it: I love Delia, I know ſhe is fiery and eaſily provoked, but I thought ſhe would forgive a fault that did not flow from malice. I will go to her myſelf, and intreat her to forgive me." "No, my dear," ſaid he, "that you never ſhall, after all the ill-natured things ſhe has ſaid of you to me: I will not conſent you ſhould be humbled ſo far."

"But what is to be done with me?" ſaid Mr. Garnock, eagerly, "Will Clinker, think you, bring an action againſt me?" "Aye," ſaid Leger, "as ſure

ſure as you are alive. They vow vengeance, and will ruin you if they can: you was a fool and an aſs, for doing what you did; what right had you to meddle?" "Good ſir," ſaid the frighted grocer, "What ſhall I do? You promiſed you would ſtand by me: for God's ſake, ſir, do not deſert me in my trouble."

"Well well, for this dear woman's ſake I will: I ſee her eyes plead for you. I'll go to work as cheaply as I can for you, but you muſt down with the rhino. There is but one way to do it: I will bribe the clerks, and get errors into their proceedings, which will nonſuit them. We muſt, for once, play them a rogue's trick."

CHAP. III.

Leger *makes Love to Miſs* Darby—*Accidental Meeting of Miſs* Delia *and* Rufa —*Letter from* Garnock'*s Brother*.

"YOU promiſe, ſir," ſaid Garnock, "to go cheaply to work for me, but I muſt down with the ready rhino: What muſt I advance money before any thing is done?" "Aye by God muſt you, or nothing can be done," ſaid Leger: "the plan we go upon, is that of ſecret ſervice, which always requires ready-money—my finances at preſent will not admit me to advance it—you know I wait the deciſion of the Court in my own affairs, and though I ſhall have money plenty by and by, I am ſhort at preſent —beſides

—besides it is not reasonable, as I will charge you nothing for my advice and trouble, that I should be money out of pocket."

"And what sum will do, sir, will five guineas serve for the purpose you mention?"

"It shall if I can make it; and I will render a faithful account to you of the expenditure of it, before I ask you for more: but friend Garnock, do not be penny wise and pound foolish; for if Clinker gets a verdict, you will not escape for fifty."

The Grocer laid down the money and departed. The widow loaded our Hero with caresses and thanks, for undertaking her worthy neighbour's cause for her sake; and Leger returned her caresses with professions and protestations in his usual stile.

Term-time was approaching, and our Hero (as usual) began to be very busy;

he wrote much at home, but as he wrote in characters, Widow Williams took his word for it, that it was about his law affairs; and she looked forward, with pleasing hope, to the decision of this Term—his business too, often called him out, and robbed him of the society of his dear Widow many hours in the day.

As Mrs Williams had abruptly dismissed Miss Darby from her house, she saw no more of her; and as Leger had never so much as mentioned her name since the altercation—she had not the shadow of a suspicion of any acquaintance between them: he visited her therefore without fear of detection; and the hours of absence, pretendedly devoted to business, were in reality, spent with Miss Darby.

In these visits, Widow Williams's passion was discussed with all imaginable ridicule: this was quickly followed by our Hero professing himself the affectionate

onate admirer of Miſs Darby, with the offer of his hand and expected fortune.

A propoſal ſo flattering to all her foibles, could not fail to operate agreeable to his wiſh; to gain a huſband, the thing ſhe ſo much wiſhed for, and to triumph over Widow Williams, were motives which determined her not to heſitate. She conſented, and the widow was conſigned to wear the willow.

Leger's plot for making the amorous Miſs Darby pay for her ogling, was now ripe. Three days before term, he entered her appartment in great apparent diſcompoſure, and throwing himſelf on a Sofa, he ſighed as if he was breaking his heart: the kind Spinſter enquired with the greateſt earneſtneſs into the cauſe of his trouble? She was only anſwered with ſighs and groans: at laſt, adminiſtering of a cordial ſo far recovered him, that he was able in broken accents to inform her of his great diſtreſs.

"A damned disappointment, indeed Miss Darby—a damned disappointment —has broke for the present, all my schemes of happiness—you must—indeed my dear girl, you must love me no more; for I cannot"———

"You cannot, Mr Leger; for heaven's sake, sir, do not distress me, but tell me what you cannot?"

"I cannot fulfil my promises to you, and that is worse than death to me."

Another drop of cordial helped him to explain. "You must be informed," said he, "that some time ago, I assisted a friend in the Country with fifty pounds; for God knows I was always ready whenever I had it, to help a friend in distress. I wrote to this person, in the most pressing manner, to send me only ten pounds. I informed him of the situation of my affairs, and my necessity of money: nay, I offered to lend it him again when my trial was over: but damn

damn the dog — here, ſee his anſwer, (drawing a forged letter from his pocket) he cannot ſpare it now, for it will greatly diſtreſs him.

Now what think you is the conſequence? I have no money to retain Counſel, nor to pay Court-fees — my trial muſt be put off—vexation—I muſt wait for my money till next Term, and all that time, ſuffer the idle paſſion of the odious Williams—and what is worſe than all, be debarred the poſſeſſion of my angel Agnes."

The wily Counſellor knew Miſs Darby had a few days before received her dividend at the Bank, and that ſhe could not have leſs than forty or fifty pounds then by her. He looked at her ſignificantly—ſhe was embarraſſed—" Perhaps Miſs Delia,"—ſaid ſhe—" But Mr. Clinker," returned Leger—" Perhaps Mrs Williams"—" No doubt of it," ſaid he, " but what is the conſequence?"—

why

why I ſhall certainly gain my cauſe, and have my money; and Widow Williams will expect ſuch a return for her kindneſs as I am ſhocked to think of—and how ſhall I be able to act?"

This was ſufficient, the determined Agnes Darby, drew out her pocket-book, and preſented him a ten pound bank note. "Take that," ſaid ſhe, "as a mark of my regard for you—you are too generous, I believe, to think *I* want to bribe your love, whatever Williams might do." He kiſſed her hand in receiving it, ſaying, "In a few days, my charmer, I ſhall be able to return your compliment manifold: but as I ſhall now be exceeding buſy, do not expect to ſee me to-day, perhaps not to-morrow.

Juſt in the nick of time had our Hero managed this *ſhift* to encreaſe his finances—he ſeemed to act as under a prophetic impulſe that he ſhould ſoon be routed from Widow Williams; but as

as he had collected from Miſs Delia, Mr. Garnock, and Miſs Darby, to the tune of upwards of twenty pounds, he was in a tolerable plight to ſeek another refuge.

Miſs Delia went that afternoon to ſee a friend at ſome diſtance: the company at tea were moſtly ſtrangers, among them was a little red-headed perſon, mean in her aſpect, and ſlammerkin in her dreſs. She had with her a lovely little boy, whoſe lively anticks, as he played upon the carpet, afforded conſiderable diverſion for the ladies. The mother of this child being addreſſed by the name of Leger, attracted Miſs Delia's attention, and awakened her curioſity; and tracing ſome of the lineaments of Leger in the features of the child, concluded they might be ſome relations of his.

This perſon was no other than Rufa; and the little boy was Leger's child: but as he paſſed for a ſingle man, Miſs Delia

Delia could have no ſuſpicion of this—ſhe told Rufa, that ſhe had the pleaſure to know a gentleman of her name—that they were near neighbours—that he was a Counſellor—but at preſent was engaged in a law-ſuit, which was thought to be near a criſis: Pray were they any ways related? Rufa anſwered, That ſhe was his wife, and that was his child: that ſhe and her child, lived with her mother—her huſband, through his imprudences, being unable to maintain them, but ſhe hoped when this affair of law was over, they ſhould be able to live together again.

Miſs Delia was much ſurpriſed at this information. She enquired if he often ſaw his wife and child, and being anſwered in the affirmative, dropped the ſubject, being unwilling to afflict Rufa, by a recital of what ſhe knew of his courtſhip to Mrs. Williams; thinking her already ſufficiently an object of pity: of

of his affair with Miſs Darby, ſhe was as ignorant as Mrs. Williams herſelf.

In her way home, ſhe called on Miſs Darby, and related to her, that ſhe had ſeen and drank tea with Mrs. Leger, the wife of their worthy friend Counſellor Leger: that ſhe had a little boy the picture of his father, and that Leger often viſited them.

Miſs Darby could hardly ſupport the intelligence: ſurpriſe and vexation almoſt overcame her: to hide which, ſhe pretended to be very ill, and to have been ſo all day.

Miſs Delia expected ſhe would have joined with her to triumph over poor Mrs. Williams, in revenge for what had paſſed on Chriſtmas Day; but Agnes had too much ſympathy and fellow-feeling to be able to do it. She therefore made a merit of neceſſity, and began to expreſs the greateſt pity and concern for Mrs. Williams, and to

heap

heap execrations on the head of Leger; though the true ſources of her grief, were her own diſappointment, and the loſs of her ten pounds.

Miſs Darby's apparent pity for Mrs. Williams, and the feeling manner in which ſhe ſpoke of her misfortune, awakened the mind of Miſs Delia to commiſeration alſo: they agreed therefore, not to triumph over an unfortunate and deceived woman: "For God knows," ſaid Miſs Darby, with a heavy ſigh, "he had ſuch a tongue, that I might have been taken in myſelf, if he had attempted it."

They reſolved therefore, to inform Mrs. Williams of the hypocriſy and villany of Leger, and to renew their former friendſhip with her, which had been ſuſpended on his account; but as Miſs Darby was ſo exceeding poorly, it was deferred until the morrow evening.

This

This was an eventful day on more accounts than thoſe we have mentioned. A youth, of genteel appearance, and in mourning, called upon Mr. Garnock, and preſented him with a parcel, which contained two letters and a will: the young man deſired him to read the ſhorteſt firſt, which was from a gentleman at Briſtol, informing him of the death of a brother, and that the bearer, was joint heir with him to his brother's effects. Mr. Garnock received the ſtranger with affection, for his brother's ſake, and after he had refreſhed himſelf, led him to Mrs. Williams, that Leger might read the letters and examine the will.

It was evening, and Leger was juſt returned home, when Mr. Garnock, and the ſtranger entered: he readily undertook the taſk to read to them: the ſhorter letter, as it contained nothing but an account of Mr. Garnock's death and funeral; and the will, as it was ſhort,

having

having but a few legacies, were ſoon diſpatched: the larger letter excited curioſity in them all, from its length. Leger read it as follows,

"My dear brother,

It is now twenty years ago ſince I left you, to go (by my Uncle's invitation) to reſide with him in Connecticut: our correſpondence has, during that time, been very irregular, owing to the troubles in America; ſo that I have given you little more intelligence, than that I was in exiſtence. I have flattered myſelf, I ſhould have the pleaſure of relating to you verbally, the particulars of a life conſiderably variegated with bleſſings and misfortunes, but the wiſe diſpoſer of the lot of mortals forbids. I landed here in ill health, and by advice of the faculty, ſtopped here to try if the Hotwells would relieve me. I have ſtopped till I am too weak to proceed to London:

don: my pen ſhall therefore be your informant of what I intended to relate myſelf.

"My uncle, who had no children of his own, loved me with paternal affection, nor was I leſs attached to him; the goodneſs of his heart, and the excellence of his hand, rendered him univerſally beloved and reſpected, and I was well received amongſt all his connections for his ſake.

There lived in our neighbourhood, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, named Harcourt, a widower, with one only daughter, who was about ſeventeen. She was beautiful in her perſon, excellent in her mind, and elegant in her manners: ſhe had, as you will naturally ſuppoſe, a great number of admirers; but it was the happineſs of your brother alone to gain her eſteem.

Among the number of her real admirers, was a Mr. Bearcroft: he was the ſon

ſon of a man more wealthy than my uncle, upon which account, Mr. Harcourt favoured his pretentions: for that gentleman, though rich, was very avaricious. He forbad my aſpiring to his daughter, and commanded her to receive the addreſſes of my rival: but I loved and was beloved; I determined therefore, to perſevere.

Mr. Bearcroft was genteel and handſome in his perſon, and not a little vain and conceited of it: his paſſions were violent and ſtormy as the ſea: ſpoiled in his infancy by exceſſive indulgence, he was impatient of all contradiction, reſtraint and diſappointment. His perſon might have pleaſed, but his diſpoſition was the terror and diſguſt of the gentle Sophia. She admitted his viſits, becauſe her father commanded it, but gave him the fulleſt aſſurance he could make no impreſſion upon her heart.

Vain of his perſon and fortune, he had conceited himſelf irreſiſtable; and never thought there was any kind of cultivation of mind and manners neceſſary to gain the heart of a female. Enraged at his diſappointment, he ſought me, and inſiſted I ſhould give up all pretentions to Sophia, or decide the matter by ſingle combat. I laughed at his propoſal, and ſaid, "I thought it belonged to Sophia to decide, and not to us; for what claim could either of us have to her, but by her own conſent?" "I love her to diſtraction," ſaid he, "and will not bear a competitor: my happineſs or miſery ſhall not depend upon the caprice of a woman, or the artifice of a cool and deliberate coward."

"Rouſed by this appellation, I accepted his challenge, not to decide my pretentions to Sophia; but to give the lie to his daring inſolence. We fought—he was wounded—it was ſuppoſed mortally:

tally: and my afflicted uncle, sent me some hundred miles up the country to be out of danger.

In this retirement, I had time to reflect on the situation of my affairs, and to lament the fatal consequences of my rival's rashness. I considered myself as for ever exiled from Sophia and my Uncle—my life was no longer worth keeping—I was several times determined to return and deliver up myself to the rage of his father, and her's: but the consideration of the grief it would be to my affectionate uncle, prevented me. At last, my uncle wrote me word, there was hopes of my adversary's recovery, and of my speedy return home with safety.

The consolation this news gave me, was damped by an after-thought, that perhaps Mr. Harcourt, to prevent consequences from my return, might compel Sophia to give her hand to Bearcroft, as soon as he recovered. To obviate

this if poſſible, I reſolved to return without my Uncle's leave; for that idea, of the wretchedneſs into which ſuch an event would plunge us both, nearly drove me diſtracted.

I returned, and was informed my fears were too juſtly founded. Mr. Harcourt had formed the reſolution, and nothing but the languid ſtate of Mr. Bearcroft prevented its taking place. I contrived to correſpond and have interviews with Sophia, and found her mind as wretched as my own. One conſolation we had, which was, that the languiſhing ſtate of Mr. Bearcroft, was likely to protract the time of our conſummate miſery. I propoſed to my Uncle, to elope with Sophia into another State, and be married there: but this he ſtrictly forbid, on pain of diſinheriting me from all his wealth. I determined, however, to tranſgreſs his command, in dependance on his returning love: I had almoſt perſuaded Sophia in-

to my meaſures, when a ſtroke of providence effectually deſtroyed them, at leaſt for the preſent.

My Uncle, from a cold which he caught in fiſhing, of which he was immoderately fond, was ſeized with a fever, which in fourteen days put an end to his exiſtence. I could ſcarcely ſtir from him through all his illneſs, but my meſſengers were continually on the foot, to bring me tidings of Sophia and Bearcroft. What my benevolence on any other occaſion would have made me regret, was now my joy; the ſlow return of that gentleman's health.

I performed the laſt duties to my much valued Uncle, and found by his Will, that excepting a few trifling legacies, he had left me all he had. I again renewed my entreaties to Sophia to elope with me, as my fortune was now ſufficient to ſupport us, independant

of

of any help from her father: ſhe conſented, and we were united.

We were happy in each other, but the wrath of her father greatly leſſened the ſatisfaction of Sophia: as to Bearcroft, he recovered, but was ſo provoked by his diſappointment, that he declared againſt all ſerious connection with the ſex. Mr. Harcourt, in revenge to his daughter, married an unworthy woman, to have an heir to his eſtate. She brought one, the youth who preſents you this; but ſhe brought him beſides, ſuch vexations, as in a few years broke his heart.

CHAP. VI.

Garnock's *Letter continued—Senſibility* of Harcourt—Leger's *Detection.*

"HARRASSED with domeſtic inquietude, Harcourt's heart began to yearn after Sophia: ſhe had been always dutiful and affectionate, and never reſiſted his will, but in the affair of Bearcroft. She had preſented me with a daughter: I ſent to inform him of it, and beg his bleſſing on his grand-child: he returned an affectionate anſwer, and as ſoon as Sophia was able to ſee him, he came, and a moſt cordial reconciliation took place: our houſe was ever after his aſylum from domeſtic wretchedneſs.

Finding himſelf decline apace, he made his Will, ſettling a comfortable

an

annuity on his tormentor: the rest he divided, two thirds to his infant son, and the rest to his daughter. He made me his sole executor, and guardian of his child, whom he requested I would take from under his mother's care. A few months afterward he paid the debt of nature. I took home the little Robert, my Sophia chusing he should be brought up under her own eye, together with her dear Lavinia.

Years of happiness now rolled on uninterrupted by any trouble save the loss of four children, who were born in that number of years, and all died infants: a circumstance which rendered the surviving Lavinia doubly precious. Our little brother too, repaid our care of him by an affectionate attachment, which was perfectly filial.

Lavinia grew up the image of her mother, in person and form, and possessed all her excellence of mind: Robert

and ſhe, from being brought up together, felt for each other the affection of a brother and ſiſter. We looked forward with pleaſure to the time when we ſhould ſee them both as happily domeſticated as ourſelves; but this happineſs, providence ſaw fit to deny us, our cup was again to be mingled with gall.

When Lavinia had attained her ſeventeenth year, ſhe had a number of admirers: among them was a gentleman of the name of Martin; he poſſeſſed all the accompliſhments that nature and a good education could give him; his family and fortune were reſpectable, ſo that no objection could be made to him on our part. His aſſiduities prevailed to gain Lavinia's affections, and ſhe conceived for him the moſt ardent paſſion. Sophia and myſelf, rejoiced in the proſpect of her being united to ſo accompliſhed a man; and ſhe herſelf thought it a peculiar happineſs that ſhe

was

was exempted from thoſe ſufferings her parents had endured: for we had often entertained her with a tale of woes.

All things were in train to compleat our happineſs: the nuptial day was fixed, and preparations were making for it; when Mr. Martin deſiſted from his viſits, which lately had been made every day; ſuch, he ſaid, was the ardency of his paſſion, that he could not ſleep without ſeeing the object of his wiſhes. His abſence at firſt afflicted us, on account of his health; but then, it appeared ſtrange that he ſhould not inform us if he was ill. Accidents were then ſuppoſed which had rendered him incapable of doing it; and Lavinia's heart was torn with every fear for his ſafety. Meſſengers were diſpatched to his houſe, who returned with aſſurances of his health—that he was often from home—but none of his domeſticks could tell where his viſits were made.

It was now plain to Lavinia, that ſhe had loſt her lover: ſhe recollected his oaths and proteſtations, and ſet herſelf to examine if any conduct of hers could have given ground of offence: the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny acquitted her to herſelf, and fully ſatisfied her, that the diſappointment aroſe from the inconſiſtency of her perfidious lover. She gave herſelf up to pining grief, and her health viſibly declined.

It was not long before report informed us who was the new object of his addreſſes: other reports informed us of ſeveral whoſe affections he had gained, and forſook them, and that he had cruelly triumphed over the virtue of ſome. All reports tended to prove Martin an accompliſhed villain, who took a helliſh pleaſure in deceiving innocent credulity, and deſtroying the happineſs of families.

The ſpirit of Robert was rouſed to vengeance, ſo that my authority and Lavinia's tears, could ſcarce prevent him from

from ſeeking the ſeducer, and calling him to account. Lavinia loved him too well to bear the thought of her uncle's chaſtiſing him, and the remembrance of my own diſtreſs after the affair of Bearcroft, induced me to exert my utmoſt power to prevent it.

The poor Lavinia drooped like a flower injured at its root; and our fears were greatly alarmed on her account. Officious friendſhip, or a goſſipping diſpoſition, were frequently repeating a name too deeply engraven on her heart, with ſome tale about him, which only tended to encreaſe her affliction. I propoſed to Sophia to remove to England, with the hope, that abſence from the place which had proved ſo fatal to her, and change of climate, might make an alteration in her favour.

Sophia agreed: I ſold my eſtate, and turned every thing I could into money, which I remitted to London, determined

to follow it. I offered Robert permiſſion to ſtay in Connecticut, upon a handſome eſtabliſhment, until he came of age to take poſſeſſion of his eſtate; and as he was prudent and virtuous, to leave him without the controul of a guardian: but the affectionate youth abſolutely refuſed to be left behind.

We ſet ſail, but my Sophia and Lavinia were never to ſee the Britiſh ſhore; nor my unhappy ſelf, but as the place of their interment and mine.

We had been three weeks at ſea when Sophia was taken ill; it was a fever, which in one week deſtroyed her, and almoſt deſtroyed me with ſorrow; but I grappled with my wretchedneſs for Lavinia's ſake: alas! only to be ſtill more wretched!

The ſuperſtition of the Mariners, who think it unlucky to have a corpſe on board, induced me to make a ſham funeral, by burying a ſtuffed hammock in the

the ſea: but the dear remains were depoſited in a cheſt in the ſhip's hold, as I was determined to inter them decently on ſhore.

Lavinia's aſſiduities to her ſick mother, whom ſhe never left—her grief for the loſs of a beloved parent—the perfidiouſneſs of Martin, whom ſhe could not forget—theſe altogether, were too much for her ſenſibilities and the delicacy of her conſtitution: ſhe drooped until we came in ſight of land, wher. ſhe followed her angel mother to a ſtate beyond the reach of affliction and death.

As we were ſo near land, we eſcaped the neceſſity of a mock funeral: Lavinia was ſuffered to remain in the cabin where ſhe died, until we got to ſhore. We landed at Briſtol, where my firſt care was to depoſit in the earth my greateſt treaſure—my amiable wife and daughter. Need I tell my brother what a ſorrowful landing mine was? alas, I cannot!

mine is a grief too great to be described, or for you to conceive: but before this reaches your hand, I also shall be at rest.

With this letter, you will receive my last Will and Testament, made and executed here: by it, I appoint you my sole executor, and constitute you the guardian of my dear Robert Harcourt: he is, and has been through these tremendous trials; my comforter: his affection has tried every means to sooth my sorrows and preserve my life. I commend him to your affectionate care—Be a father and a brother to him for my sake: and such is the excellence of that youth, that you will be soon convinced he deserves all I ask for him.

A few trifling legacies paid to some former friends in England, if they yet survive, will leave a bulk of fortune of six thousand pounds: you and Harcourt are to divide it. Whatever is left through lapse legacies, your children are my re-

siduary

ſiduary legatees. Farewell, my dear brother, as we cannot meet in this world, may we meet in a better. Harcourt will perform the laſt offices for me, and convey this letter and the will, to your hand. Once more, my dear brother, adieu.

C. GARNOCK."

Mr. Garnock, though a man of little ſenſibility, was affected by the reading of this letter: but his brother's Will was a powerful anodyne to his ſorrow. The tear of ſympathy rolled down the cheek of Mrs. Williams: young Harcourt wept and ſobbed aloud at the recital of the death of thoſe moſt near and dear to him in all the world. Leger alone ſeemed unmoved: he chided Harcourt for unmanly ſorrow, and reminded him of the acceſſion to his fortune, as a motive for conſolation.

Harcourt replied, "If Sir, I *had not* known and *loved* the dear departed, I *might*

might have wept at the recital of their ſorrows, but they were dear, very dear to me. My excellent brother taught me from early infancy to weep for the ſufferer: he told me it was manly to feel, and that ſenſibility is the ſoul of humanity: accuſtomed as I have been to weep for others, how can I forbear weeping for myſelf? conſider who, and what I have loſt! the motive you offer for conſolation is none to me; the whole world can never make me compenſation for being deprived of all I loved."

"But death, my dear ſir," ſaid Leger, "is a debt we all owe to nature, and it muſt be paid one time or other."

"True, ſir," ſaid Harcourt, "and ſorrow is a debt due to the memory of our friends: I thank you ſir, for the trouble we have given you, and with my guardian's leave, will depart to his houſe, and in ſolitude give vent to the anguiſh of my heart." Mr. Garnock ſaid he would

would depart alſo, he took his leave and they both retired.

The morrow evening came; and Miſs Delia, with Miſs Darby, waited upon Mrs. Williams, to undeceive her with regard to Leger: they luckily found her alone, and not likely to have any viſitors. She was ſurpriſed to ſee them: Miſs Delia, becauſe Leger had told her that lady refuſed to be reconciled; and Miſs Darby, becauſe ſhe had never ſought to be reconciled to her.

Miſs Darby, began by aſſuring Mrs. Williams of their friendſhip, notwithſtanding what had happened; ſaid, they were come to prove their friendſhip by opening her eyes with reſpect to one of the greateſt deceivers and villains in the world: Miſs Delia would unfold a tale which would fill her with aſtoniſhment.

Miſs Delia then related her accidental meeting with Rufa and the child, and the converſation that paſſed between them.

them. Mrs. Williams was confounded: but recovering herſelf a little, began to ſuſpect there might be malice at the bottom, and that the ſpinſters were come to divert themſelves at her expenſe— ſhe refuſed to give credit to the tale, and reproached them for carrying their jokes too far: they both aſſured her they were in earneſt. " Then," ſaid Mrs. Williams, " it muſt be ſomebody of the ſame name."

In the midſt of their diſcourſe, Mr. Garnock entered to conſult Mrs. Williams about mourning for his children. In the ſame moment, came Mr. Clinker, in ſearch of Miſs Delia, wondering what had brought her to that place. The tale was repeated, and ſcarcely finiſhed, when the Hero of the tale entered himſelf. Surpriſe, at ſeeing four perſons there he ſo little expected, for a moment diſconcerted him; but collecting his moderate ſtock of aſſurance together, he aſked with a ſmile,

ſmile, if they were aſſembled to frame articles of peace ?

"Perhaps," ſaid Miſs Delia, "when the preliminary articles are ſettled, we *may* proceed to that buſineſs. Pray, ſir, how does Mrs. Leger do, and your little boy ?"

He was confounded at the queſtion: he turned pale, and then red: but remembering that effrontery had often carried him through difficulties, he was determined, if poſſible, to bear down the queſtion. Aſſuming an innocent confidence on his countenance, "Madam," ſaid he, "if you will wait for your anſwer until after term, I ſhall then be able (ſmiling on Mrs. Williams) to ſhew you Mrs. Leger: but as to my little boy, I muſt beg your patience until nine months after that period."

CHAP. V.

Continuation of Leger's *Detection — His Clerical Tour.*

"I Shall hardly wait ſo long," ſaid Miſs Delia, aſſuming an air of eneffable contempt, "your impudence and effrontery will not paſs upon us for innocence. You have deceived and abuſed Mrs. Williams—you have a wife—you have a child—you ſometimes viſit them—I have ſeen them." "By God, Miſs Delia," ſaid Leger, affecting to be ſuddenly rouſed to anger, "this is too much to bear. Are you mad? or is the devil in you? What could provoke you to this vile and daring attack upon my character? I ſhall make you ſmart for this. Why this is a damned conſpiracy of

of you four, to deceive Mrs. Williams and ruin me with her." "I believe, sir," said Clinker, "that there is a conspiracy, and I strongly suspect the plot will work to the blowing of you up."

"Hold your tongue, you sneeking scoundrel; you, as a lawyer, should know that the law is peculiarly tender of the characters of its members, and has provided ample recompense for their injuries. But pray Miss, where did you see my wife and child? and how do you know that they are my wife and child?" "By this token, sir, your wife's name is Rufa, she lives at ———." "Very well, Miss, we shall now see who is to be blown up; you have given me name and place, and I pledge myself upon my honour, if there be such a person as you mention, at such a place, to produce her here to-morrow at eleven o'clock, to give the lie to your assertions. If I cannot find such a person—." "Stop, sir," said

Miss

Miſs Delia, "if you cannot find her, I *can*, and *will*, and ſo to-morrow at eleven, I will, and I hope all the good company here, will meet Mr. Mrs. and Maſter Leger, the good family altogether." So ſaying, ſhe dropped him a low courteſy and departed, followed by all the reſt.

Poor Mrs. Williams had been ſo agitated during this conferrence, that ſhe was unable to bear a part in it. When the parties mentioned were gone, ſhe gave a looſe to the moſt violent emotions of grief, and went into ſtrong hyſterics: our Hero attempted to ſooth and comfort her, by aſſuring her, that on the morrow he would pour confuſion on his adverſaries, and begged her to ſuſpend her judgment of him until then. Her diſorder occaſioned her early to retire; but fear of the truth, and grief and ſhame, if the report ſhould be true, kept her ſufficiently awake.

Leger

Leger retired alſo, but not to reſt; he ruminated on the unfortunate accident that had befallen him, and ſaw no remedy but to take himſelf quietly off—but Rufa, what ſhould he do with her! for he knew not but Miſs Delia had acquainted her with his affairs with Mrs. Williams; he conſoled himſelf, however, that he ſhould be able to make his part good with her, by ſome well concerted lye: and as to Mrs. Williams, he had done pretty well; more than nine months board and lodging, a good ſuit of cloaths, and a picking of more than twenty guineas among her acquaintances, was no bad matter.

Conſoled with theſe reflections, he lay till morning, when before any one was ſtirring to be witneſs of his departure, he bid adieu to that reſidence, to go in ſearch of another.

At the appointed hour, the parties aſſembled to receive the promiſed proof of

of Leger's innocence; not indeed with expectation of it, for they suspected he would be gone; but to see how matters stood with Mrs. Williams: she was fully convinced the charge was true, by the moveables of her lover all disappearing with him. She was frantic with grief, rage, and disappointment: they endeavoured to comfort her, not from any real goodness of disposition; but as they themselves had been duped by him, their consciences would not let them triumph over her. They renewed before they parted, their former league of amity, drank confusion to all impostors, in a a glass of Widow Williams's cordial water, and engaged by solemn promise not to circulate this unlucky affair in the world.

Mrs. Williams was now at leisure to receive the addresses of Mr. Garnock: had he been so disposed, she would have received them with gladness; but an accession

ceſſion of fortune by the death of his brother, quite altered his mind with reſpect to her.

Leger, apprehenſive leſt the parties he had left, ſhould ſeek after him to expoſe him for the impoſitions he had paſſed upon them, withdrew to his hiding-places, the public houſes in blind alleys; and by wandering from one to another, would have eluded ſearch, had any been made: in this reſpect, his fears were groundleſs, as every one of the parties were concerned to hide from one another as much of their own folly as they could: Mrs. Williams was not at all diſpoſed to acquaint her freinds how far her fondneſs for Leger had carried her, on the credit of becoming his wife.

Nor was Miſs Darby inclined to confeſs her baſeneſs in receiving his addreſſes, or her folly in lending him money: and as little was Miſs Delia inclined to confeſs ſhe had bribed him to betray

his

his client. All circumſtances operated in his favour, to ſave him from further difficulties about this affair (but this was more than he knew) he therefore thought it beſt to be inviſible.

When Leger thought it ſafe to venture to appear publickly, he viſited the coffee-houſes, and being in good plight as to cloaths, he introduced himſelf to variety of company, and from his knack of accommodating himſelf to all, was in general agreeable: his view in this, was to gain a knowledge of men, and their affairs, which might be uſeful to him in the way of impoſing on the credulous. Happening one day to enter into converſation with one Peter, a Jew, the Hebrew ſoon ſmelled his brother ſhark; and perceiving that his abilities were good, he introduced him to the acquaintance of his own connections, all of them ſwindlers and men of *ſhifts*: with theſe, he combined to commit depredations on the

the public, by bills and indorſements, till it became neceſſary for every one to *ſhift* for himſelf.

Our Hero choſe the country for his retreat, and having ſettled a plan of correſpondence with his brethren, he aſſumed the habit of a clergyman, purchaſed a few manuſcript ſermons, and ſet off for the midland counties: he firſt viſited Northampton, and gave out that he was a beneficed clergyman in town; that he had been ill, and was adviſed to travel for the re-eſtabliſhment of his health, and that he travelled without a ſervant, as an article of œconomy.

His firſt endeavour, when he came to Northampton, was to introduce himſelf to the clergy of the place; and being, as we before obſerved, not an unpleaſant companion, he grew to a degree of familiarity with them in the courſe of an interview or two: one gentleman requeſted him to do duty, the next Sunday

after his arrival, which he politely assented to: when the strength of his voice, and animation of his delivery, rendered him the admiration of his auditors: his company was consequently courted through the following week, by the principals of the place, and he was intreated to do duty again the following Sunday. This course of things held for three weeks; and as he was too polite ever to refuse when asked, he exhibited in most of the churches during that period.

The air of the place, he said, agreed with him so well, that he believed he should make some stay there; especially as his brethren the clergy, and many other worthy persons, rendered the place in all respects agreeable to him; but he was out of cash—he had several bills for small sums and of short date, which he had been obliged to take in payment for a debt: unless he could discount some of them, he must return to town

to

to preſent them for payment when due, and the end of his journey, as to the re-eſtabliſhment of his health, would be but half accompliſhed. The bait took with ſeveral perſons; the ſmallneſs of the ſums and the ſhortneſs of the dates, obviated all caution and fear of danger, as they ſuppoſed he would be longer among them than the bills had to run.

When he had diſpoſed of as many bills as he could, he had an immediate and unexpected call to town on very particular buſineſs with the Biſhop of London, but ſhould ſoon return to Northampton again. He ſet off as for London, but ſoon altered his rout, and moved towards Shrewſbury.

The ſecond day brought him to Ivetſey-Bank; here he ſtopped for the night, and being convivially inclined, reconoitred the houſe, to ſee what company was in it: He found in one room, four worthy farmers of the neighbour-

hood, ſet to ſmoke their pipes and talk of politicks and the market—he liked the appearance of them, and introduced himſelf, by ſaying he was a traveller and alone; if they were not met upon any private buſineſs, he ſhould be extremely happy to ſpend the evening among them.

They aſſented to the propoſal, and he failed not, (as he well knew how) to render himſelf perfectly agreeable: he told them he was a clergyman of London, travelling for his health: enquired what friends and connections they had in Town? and being informed, he aſſured them moſt of thoſe perſons were his very particular friends and acquaintances; he was therefore exceeding happy to fall into company with gentlemen who knew his worthy aſſociates in the Metropolis.

Enquiries concerning families in London, and converſation about them, gave place to enquiries on Leger's part, concerning that part of the country; what game,

game, and who were the principal ſportſmen; profeſſing himſelf fond of the recreations of the field. He was led to this, by each of them having a gun and dog with him: they were fully qualified to inform him on that head, but as he knew no gentlemen thereabouts, he muſt, he ſaid, content himſelf till he got into thoſe parts where his acquaintance reſided.

The evening paſſed agreeably to all parties; and our Hero played his part ſo well, that a Mr. Rogers, a farmer of Lappley, invited him to his houſe for two or three days to take the diverſion of courſing. Leger was charmed with his civility, and made him a thouſand compliments, which almoſt overwhelmed the honeſt farmer, who thought them all exceeding fine, and had vanity enough to believe they were due to him. Matters were therefore ſettled that Leger ſhould viſit him the next day at Lappley.

Leger, who never failed of fulfilling appointments of this kind, was punctual to the dinner hour, when Mrs. Rogers and two amiable daughters, who had been at extraordinary pains about their persons and their table, received him with great civility. He found that the plenty of compliments made to Mr. Rogers, were faithfully carried home, and had operated with the ladies much in his favour; he resolved therefore, not to be sparing of them: at dinner, he was liberal in encomiums on the ladies, their persons, dress, and the provisions of the table. Mr. Rogers seemed highly delighted with his guest, and the more so as his wife and daughters were pleased with him: one only dissentient appeared in the family.

Young Rogers, a youth of about seventeen, but (what is uncommon at that age) thoughtful, shrewd, and penetrating, had fixed his attention upon our Hero,

Hero, from the moment he entered: he was not prejudiced in his favour, from his father's account of the visitor he was going to introduce among them; for Tom Rogers was an honest plain country lad, and from a fund of native good sense, looked upon all strained compliments, as falshoods intended only to deceive and amuse, while some plan of roguery was carrying on. Tom flattered no one beyond their apparent merit, and only expressed his approbation of any person or thing, by some warm and simple phrase. He knew that neither father, mother, nor sisters, merited the high flown compliments our Hero gave them, and yet he had an affectionate respect for them all; but was provoked to see them pleased with fulsome adulation: in consequence of which he was far below them all, in respect and attention to the reverend clergyman.

After dinner, Farmer Rogers and his gueſt, were inclined to walk about the grounds, and reconnoitre with regard to the morrow's ſport: Tom was invited to go with them, but excuſed himſelf, on account of buſineſs in the barns and out-houſes. No ſooner were they gone, than the mother and daughters began to chide him for his want of polite behaviour to the gentleman. "I am ſure," ſays Tom, "I neither did nor ſaid any thing to affront him." "No," ſaid Miſs Nancy, "nor any thing to pleaſe him, for you did not ſeem to know that any ſuch perſon was here, but when Dido came in, ſhe was taken notice of at once." "True," ſays Tom, "I know Dido, and I know her properties—and I know Dido does not pay any body any compliments ſhe thinks they do not deſerve: but as to your parſon here, with all his fine ſpeeches, do you know who or what he is?"

"Why

"Why a gentleman, to be ſure," ſaid Miſs Patty, "and not ſuch a clown as you, and that is the reaſon you deſpiſe him—when did any body ever hear a civil thing come out of your mouth to any one; and as to Nancy and me, when did we receive a compliment from you? but you hate to hear us praiſed, and that is the reaſon you deſpiſe this gentleman." "Why harkey, Miſſes—Miſs Nancy and Miſs Patty Rogers—do ye hear? do I ever ſpeak croſs and ill-natured to you? if not—I ſay nothing uncivil—and as to making you fine compliments—do you ſee—why I knows you, do you ſee—that you are good ſort of girls upon the whole—and I love you as my ſiſters, and all that—but as to the fine compliments this ſtrange parſon makes you, how the devil ſhould he know you deſerve them." You are a fool, Tom," ſays the mother, "we have treated him civilly, and he knows how to expreſs his gratitude politely.

"Perhaps ſo," ſaid Tom, "I don't pretend to underſtand politeneſs ſo well as you and my ſiſters here, nor will I diſpute with you about knowledge of the world—do you ſee, though I have been ſome miles further from home than either of you—however, I believe we need not travel now for knowledge, I fancy we have a maſter come to teach us—however, remember, do you ſee, Tom Clown is the apteſt ſcholar."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Curate of Lappley — A Shift for Ten Guineas.

"WAS ever any thing ſo provoking," ſaid Miſs Nancy, "to make ſuch horrid ſuppoſitions of a gentleman and a clergyman?" "How do you know Miſs Nancy, that he is either the one or the other; for my part, I am at a loſs to think what made my father aſk him here: but to be plain with you, though I know you will be angry, I believe he is no gentleman, nor parſon neither, but ſome ſhuffling raſcal out upon the ſcamp."

"Out upon the ſcamp!" exclaimed all —"what does the boy mean?" "Why

ladies," ſays Tom, "as you are fond of being call'd ſo, I have been told, that *ſcamp*, ſignifies among thieves, being out to get what they can, and how they can; and ſo I think of your gentleman." "Why," ſaid Mrs. Rogers, "and what ſhould he hope to get here?" "You and my father muſt look to that," ſays Tom, "but at worſt, he will get a few days comfortable ſubſiſtence." "And ſo he ſhall," ſaid Mrs. Rogers, "for his civil and obliging behaviour: and you had beſt not affront him." "Not I," ſays Tom, "I affront nobody unleſs they affront me, and that I think he will take care of."

Tom went out to his buſineſs, and the mother and daughters ſet down to their needles, expecting compliments upon their induſtry on the arrival of the Parſon and their father. "I think," ſaid Miſs Nancy, "this is the civileſt gentleman, for a parſon, I ever met with; he

is

is ſo attentive and polite, that it is a pleaſure to be in his company: and he talks ſo ſenſibly, and upon ſo many ſubjects, that to be ſure he muſt be very learned." "Aye, to be ſure," ſaid Miſs Patty, "he is a London clergyman, you know: Oh! how different from our Curate and the reſt of the parſon's round us. When they come in, we get nothing from them but a courſe How do ye girls? Is your father at home? Where is Tom? Then a whiſtle to fetch Dido and the reſt of the Dogs about them. Well, what a difference there is between a gentleman and a clown!"

"Indeed there is, my girls," ſaid Mrs. Rogers, "and I am glad you have the good ſenſe to diſcern it. What if people do live in the country, is there any occaſion to be rude? and then, to hear talk of nothing but guns—and dogs—and horſes—and hares—is quite ſurfeiting. Well, if this gentleman is as excellent

cellent in the pulpit, as he is out of it, he is a fine man indeed: I ſhould like much to hear him preach."

"O dear mother," ſaid Miſs Nancy, "that I dare ſay you may, for the Curate is to go a courſing with them to-morrow: I heard father ſay he'd aſk him; if ſo, you know, you need only to ſpeak half a word to father, and the buſineſs will be done."

Mr. Rogers and our Hero, entered from their walk, and with them the Curate, whom they had met with in their way, and had invited to ſpend that evening with them as well as courſe on the morrow. "How do you do, Mrs. Rogers? How do you do girls? We had the moſt curſed misfortune juſt now, you ever heard of: Dido put up a Hare in the leven acres, and we loſt it for want of the Greyhound; pox take it, Rogers, why did you go out without him?" The mother and daughters ſmiled at each other,

other, and as they expected, the *polite* Clergyman began to load them with compliments for their industry.

Mrs. Rogers soon found an opportunity of hinting her wish, which was seconded by her daughters. "Egad," said the Curate, "it falls out devilishly clever; for Sutton, at the Grange, is to have a deal of company, and if I do duty here, I cannot be there time enough for dinner, but if it was not for that, I should be greatly obliged to the gentleman to relieve me, for it's damned hard work, after duty here, to gallop five or six miles to do it over again." Leger politely consented, and they proceeded to settle their plan of recreations for the intervening days.

Sunday came, and as the report had been carefully circulated, of a stranger preaching, a fine man from London, the whole parish was at church, and many of their neighbours. Our Hero exerted

himself

himſelf on the occaſion, to gain their applauſe, and ſucceeded to admiration: they never heard ſo fine a man in all their lives. This praiſe inſpired him with the hope, that perhaps he might get a little ready caſh among them; though at firſt, he had aimed at nothing more than recreation and good living: for country farmers, he knew, were fearful of having any thing to do with paper-money.

In a few days he propoſed to depart, but was urged to make a longer ſtay. This he objected to, as his caſh run low, and paper-money difficult to circulate in the Country—he ſhould meet a friend at Shrewſbury, the next day but one, who had been into North-Wales, to collect money, and was returning to town: with him he could exchange checks upon his Banker for ready caſh. Mr. Rogers and his family, all but Tom, lamented the neceſſity of his departure ſo ſoon, but

but knew not how to remedy his neceſſity for money. Leger, ever attentive to the kindneſs of his friends, declared, it was with the utmoſt regret that he ſhould leave them: he knew indeed that he had given them trouble, and created them expenſe; but it was in his power to teſtify his gratitude, and he would do it as ſoon as he returned to London: he ſhould be happy to ſpend a few more days with ſo agreeable a family. Was there any of their neighbours going ſoon to town? if there was, it would be juſt the ſame to them to take a check upon his banker, as to carry caſh. In that caſe, he could indulge his inclinations a little longer, and would give them another ſermon on the next Sunday.

Mr. Rogers recollected that his next neighbour was to go to town on Monday, he accordingly applied to him, and as he was one of our Hero's great admirers, he fell into the ſnare, rather than miſs the

the ſatisfaction of hearing him preach the next Sunday. On the Saturday evening he waited on him with ten guineas, and took his check upon his Banker.

On Monday, the farmer ſet off for town, and Leger began to manœuvre for an unſuſpected departure, and to preclude purſuit. He had learned that his hoſt's failing was ſometimes to get out a boozing, and to prevent interruption from his family endeavouring to get him home, he would wander from village to village, that they might not find him. Of this failing he deſigned to avail himſelf; he therefore propoſed a walk to Ivetſey Bank, to chat and ſmoke a pipe with the good friends he firſt met with there: they ſet out with a promiſe to return early in the evening; but our Hero had laid his plan to return no more, nor to ſuffer his companion to return until it ſuited his own conveniency.

As they paſſed along, "Friend Rogers," ſaid Leger, "I have often heard of

of Boſcobel, the place where Charles the Second was concealed in the oak, and I think, from my knowledge of geography, it is ſomewhere in this neighbourhood."

"True," ſaid Rogers, "it is about four miles from where we now are; the tree in which the King was hid, has been cut down many years, and converted into as many ſnuff-boxes, tobacco-ſtoppers, and other toys, as Shakeſpear's Mulberry-tree, which are in great repute among the papiſts and tories, with whom this country ſwarms. From the root of the old tree, there is ſprung a young one; a laurel is planted cloſe to it, the branches of which are trained round the young oak, and both trees are ſurrounded with a brick wall, breaſt high, to preſerve them from injury. They ſay too, that in Boſcobel-houſe, they ſhew the ſliding wainſcot, behind which the King uſed to hide upon any alarms of Cromwell's ſoldiers being in the neighbourhood."

"Never

"Never mind the wainſcot, but as this tree is a kind of hiſtorical monument, I ſhould like very much to ſee it; nay, I ſhould be vexed to be ſo near as four miles, and not ſee it. Come, friend Rogers, lead the way."

They went to Boſcobel, and ſaw the tree and the wainſcot: and as the day had been warm, and they had heated themſelves with walking, they went to the Royal-oak, the next public houſe, to get refreſhment. Rogers, being weary and thirſty, drank copiouſly, and ſoon got merry; at ſuch times he never thought of home, and Leger had no deſign to tell him of it.

In this houſe, there ſat a man refreſhing himſelf with bread and cheeſe, and a mug of ale: he was dreſſed in tattered regimentals, and had a knapſack at his back, and ſeemed weary with walking. "Well, brother ſoldier," ſaid Leger, "you ſeem to have walked far to-day."

"A

"A long way, ſir," ſaid the man, "but you call me brother ſoldier; you look as if you belonged to the church, not the army." "Very true friend," ſaid Leger, "but I am a ſoldier as well as you, but my weapons are ſpiritual, and yours carnal." "May be ſo, ſir," ſaid the ſoldier, "I don't underſtand thoſe things. I come from Cheſter, ſir, I am going to London; but I travel this way, to enquire after an ungrateful woman, who was the cauſe of all my travels, and for whom I have too great a regard ſtill."

As the ſoldier ſeemed an intelligent being, ſuperior to moſt of his order; and as his ſtory ſeemed to promiſe ſomething of adventure, Leger's curioſity was excited to hear it: he ordered the man's mug to be filled again, and told him, that when he had finiſhed his bread and cheeſe, they ſhould be glad if he would entertain them with his adventures. The ſoldier pleaded he had further to go,

go, and that if he ſtayed to tell his tale, it would throw him far in the night. This difficulty was removed, by Mr. Rogers's promiſing to pay for his ſupper and lodging there, and as much ale as he choſe to drink.

The ſoldier thankfully accepted the propoſal, for he was very weary. He took his knapſack from his ſhoulder, and giving it to the landlord, to lay by for him, he ſet him down to tell his ſtory.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Adventures of a Soldier.

"YOU muſt know, gentlemen," ſaid he, "that I am the ſon of a farmer: my father, if living, is named Richard Allcroft; and lived, when I left him, near Stone, in this County: he was well to paſs in the world, and had only two children, my brother Richard and myſelf, who am named Robert. My father ſeemed to love us both equally, until an event which I ſhall tell you of took place: but my brother never had any affection for me, and gladly embraced the opportunity that event gave him to injure me with my father.

My father had a day-labourer, whoſe name was Warren; he had been tenant on

on a ſmall farm, but by a ſeries of miſ-fortunes had failed in the world. This, you know, gentlemen, is with ſome perſons, the greateſt of ſins: I mean, to be unfortunate. He had one only daughter, to whom he had given the beſt education his circumſtances, when they were the moſt proſperous, would allow; and her good ſenſe had improved upon this foundation; ſo that ſhe was in point of learning and behaviour, equal to the daughters of the moſt wealthy of our neighbours: her mother's death devolved the care of her father's houſe upon her, which his difficulties obliged her to manage with frugality and induſtry, and made her perfect miſtreſs of every part of country buſineſs.

Maſter Warren, when turned out of his farm, came to work with us; and Nancy was very frequently at our houſe, as an aſſiſtant to my mother, who was often indiſpoſed: her diligence in buſi-

neſs

neſs, and her tenderneſs to my mother, gained her the affection of that good woman; and ſhe in return, was attached to her, as if ſhe had been her mother. Her kindneſs and attention to my ſickly parent, begat in me a warm eſteem for her; and as (beſide all her accompliſhments) ſhe had a beautiful form, my eſteem ſoon grew to the warmeſt affection. My brother Richard, the moſt ſelfiſh, and the moſt jealous creature in the world, could not bear that any one in the houſe ſhould be loved or eſteemed but himſelf, though no perſon ever took leſs pains to deſerve it. My mother's partiality for Nancy Warren, was a ſufficient motive to induce him to hate her, and to endeavour to prejudice my father againſt her, though in ſo doing he wounded the heart of the tendereſt of mothers.

Nancy and myſelf were nearly of an age, that is, about twenty: ſhe confeſ-

ſed an equal regard for me; but adviſed that we ſhould both endeavour to conquer a liking to each other, which in all probability would be productive of uneaſineſs in the family: ſhe knew that my father was avaricious, and that my brother hated her, and conſidered theſe circumſtances, as inſurmountable obſtacles to our union.

My mother ſaw and approved our mutual paſſion; could ſhe have hoped ever to prevail upon my father, to conſent to our union. She often confeſſed to me, that ſhe ſhould be very happy to ſee me in poſſeſſion of Nancy Warren; but as that was likely to meet with the moſt determined oppoſition from my father and brother, ſhe coinſided with Nancy's advice: or at leaſt, that we ſhould be prudent and cautious in concealing our regard for each other. Alas! my mother! how impoſſible to guard againſt the ſcrutiny of jealouſy! Richard per-

perceived our ſituation; and as if born to be my curſe, opened his eyes to the excellency of my angel; and ſtimulated by his native ſelfiſhneſs, reſolved to poſ-ſeſs her himſelf.

He declared his paſſion with a frank-neſs that ſeemed to indicate he had not the ſhadow of a doubt that he ſhould fail of ſucceſs: and proceeded to aſſure her, that ſuch was his power over his father, he ſhould ſoon make him con-ſent to their union. Nancy gave him a modeſt but abſolute refuſal, and entreat-ed him never to mention the ſubject to her more. He urged his requeſt with a little more humility, and with greater importunity; but finding her inflexible, he ſneeringly told her, he was no ſtranger to her acquaintance with his brother. Nancy, bluſhing, could not conceal her predilection for me, and told him it would bind both her and me in the moſt laſting bonds of gratitude to him, if he

would use his interest with his father to favour our inclinations.

Rage flashed from his eyes: he damned her impudence for making such a request, and told her, she should soon see what use he would make of his interest with his father. He was as good as his word, and my father, in a violent passion, commanded my mother to forbid her the house. Accustomed to obey him, he expected she would have complied without resistance; but she resolutely refused. She told him, that her growing infirmities and declining health, required the assiduities of a female friend: she knew not where to find one like Nancy Warren, and if she must leave the house, she would go with her; that as to Richard's love or revenge, he had been long the bane of her peace, and she desired not to be troubled about him.

My father seemed surprised when she mentioned Richard's love; and took the first

first opportunity to question him about it. He denied it, and said it was a lie, hatched up by Robert and Nancy to cover themselves. My turn came next: I was questioned about Nancy, and I confessed—I was rated as a fool, a block-head, and an ass; and told, I should be turned adrift without a shilling. Our family, never the most comfortable, was now a continual scene of ill humour, or down-right state of warfare; and the happiest hours we had, was when business divided us.

My mother in a short time, paid the debt of nature, and Nancy voluntarily withdrew from the house. My father commanded me never more to speak to her; but I refused making him any promises. His ill-nature, and the disgusting behaviour of my brother, made home irksome to me: I pressed Nancy to marry, preferring a life of servitude with her, to all my father was able to do for

me; but no arguments could prevail upon her, to be united without my father's consent: ſhe would only promiſe never to be another's while I was ſingle.

The continual uneaſineſs I experienced at home, and the vexation of Nancy's refuſing to marry without my father's conſent, drove me to drinking, and I took to tipling in the neighbouring public houſes. This afforded Richard freſh opportunities of irritating my father againſt me, and gave ſuch a turn to my affairs with Nancy, that ſhe diſmiſſed me; alledging, that I was no longer the man ſhe had placed her affections upon: in a few weeks after, I had the mortification to hear ſhe admitted the addreſſes of another.

Stung to the ſoul with this intelligence, and weary of my life at home, I became deſperate, and cared not what became of me. A recruiting party came one day to a houſe where I was drinking, and

and I enlifted: a neighbour acquainted my father with my folly, but he only carelefsly anfwered, that I might as well have married Nancy Warren, as Brown Betty, for in neither cafe would he fpend a fhilling to relieve me.

I was fent with fome other recruits to Portfmouth, to wait an embarkation to America: it was not long before we fet fail for New York, at which, we arrived after a tolerable voyage: from whence we were fent to join our refpective corps.

You may perhaps expect, gentlemen, that I fhould give you ample information concerning what paffed in that part of the world. But I affure you, that a common foldier, whatever fome boafters may pretend, knows very little of what is done, (unlefs he is at the doing of it) or what is intended to be done. Armies, and detachments of armies, move like machines at the will of the commanding officers, without being informed why, or

wherefore: and one department knows little or nothing of the tranſactions of another, but by the reports of the papers; and thoſe doubtleſs you have read. For my part, I would not wiſh to tell you any thing but what fell under my own obſervation.

When I had been about a year in America, my good behaviour raiſed me, firſt to be a corporal and then ſerjeant: but in all the time I was in the ſervice, though I was in many different parts of America, it was never my lot, but once, to be engaged in any affair of conſequence. This was an expedition againſt New Providence, the capital of the Bahama Iſlands; our detachment was about one hundred and ſixty men, under the command of colonel Deveaux: when we arrived there, the day had juſt broke: we landed oppoſite to the Eaſtern Fort, and intended to ſtorm it immediately; but there being a plain for ſome diſtance

round

round the fortification, the enemy perceived us: they abandoned the Fort, and drew up near a wood: as soon as we came up with them, they fired upon us, but we charged them boldly, took two prisoners, and drove the main body into the town in great confusion, without any loss on our side.

About seventy men in boats, had been detached to board three formidable gallies, that lay abreast of the Eastern Fort: this was effected at the same time we drove the enemy into the town.

As we entered the Fort to take possession, I thought I smelt a match on fire: I communicated my suspicion to Colonel Deveaux, who happened to be near me; he smelt it also, from which circumstance, and their abandoning the Fort so precipitately, he suspected danger: he immediately ordered the two prisoners to be confined in the Fort, and

withdrew the troops to a little diſtance from it.

Self-preſervation made them diligent in their ſearch; they ſoon diſcovered the match that was on fire, and which in half an hour would have fired the magazine, and two mines laid for that purpoſe. Thus we narrowly eſcaped paying dear for our viſit.

After we had taken poſſeſſion of the Fort, the Governor ſent a flag out of the town, to inform our commander that there was a peace; but he ſuſpecting he was trifled with, demanded a ſurrender of the garriſon at diſcretion, in fifteen minutes. The Governor requeſted a truce of five days, in which time however, he was diſcovered to be carrying on his works.

Our commander conſidered this conduct as a breach of the truce, and immediately ordered eight pieces of heavy cannon to be landed from the gallies we had taken: with theſe, a battery was formed

formed on a rock, about four hundred yards from the grand fortreſs—he erected another battery on a hill, not three hundred yards diſtant from it: the enemy all the while kept up a heavy fire and throwing of ſhells, which affected us but little: but when they ſaw our batteries compleat, and ready to open upon them, the Governor thought proper to ſurrender.

I had flattered myſelf, from the circumſtance of ſmelling the match, that I ſhould have been rewarded; and ſo perhaps I might, but my ill ſtars ordered it otherwiſe: I, that very night, got intoxicated with liquor; and in my drunkenneſs, inſulted an officer in the corps. I was confined till ſober; and then, as a puniſhment for my folly, ordered into the ranks, and have never been able to riſe ſince.

After the troubles were over in America, we returned to England, where I

have been quartered about in various places; living the lazy lounging life of a soldier. As I was not brought up to a handicraft trade, I had not the advantage of many of my comrades.

My last place of residence was Chester; where, taking up a news-paper by way of amusement, I saw myself advertised, that by application to a certain person in London, I should hear of something to my advantage. I have obtained leave to go, and if I succeed will procure my discharge.

I travel this way, as I informed you, in search of her whose refusal of me was the cause of my enlisting for a soldier: I am informed she married and settled here about. If she is a widow, as perhaps she may, and I succeed in my London journey, I will make her another offer of my hand: my heart was always hers. If she is not at liberty, farewell

Stafford-

Staffordſhire, I ſhall not enquire after either father or brother.

This, gentlemen, is the ſtory of a poor ſoldier, by no means worth your hearing; but as it has procured me a good ſupper, and comfortable lodging, I am much obliged to you."

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Lappley in Amazement — Conversation of Tom *with his Mother and Sisters —* Leger *arrives at Shrewsbury.*

"WELL honest fellow," says Leger, "you are going to town you say, after something to your advantage; I wish you good luck, my boy; here is half a crown for you, to help your expenses—God rat it, I forgot I had no silver, nothing but the ten guineas I received for my check—lend me half a crown, Mr. Rogers, till I change." "With all my heart," said Rogers, "for I love an honest fellow, and I will give him a shilling myself, beside his supper and lodging." "Thank you, gentlemen," said the soldier, pocketing the cash, "I have

have not ſeen half a crown this many a day." So ſaying, he withdrew to reſt.

The farmer and his gueſt, ſat to their liquor till near morning, when they took a nap with their heads upon the table: when they awoke, they agreed, as they were in for it, to ramble elſewhere; for ſuch an abſence Rogers ſaid was nothing new to his family. Leger perſuaded him to pay the reckoning, and he would change a guinea nearer home; then, in caſe of bad money they could more eaſily get redreſs. They continued their ramble from place to place for four days, and at laſt found themſelves at Woolverhampton.

And there we will leave them, while we return to Lappley. The abſence of farmer Rogers, was as himſelf had ſaid, nothing new; but that the Reverend Divine ſhould accompany him in his frolick, was amazing: The mother and the daughters, however, put the beſt

conſtruction

conſtruction upon it, and ſuppoſed the good gentleman would not leave him, for fear he ſhould come to harm.

Tom laughed at them for their ſimplicity, and aſſured them the gentleman loved a pot as well as his father: but he was called an ill-natured puppy for his ungenerous reflection.

The Farmer who advanced the ten guineas, preſented his check for payment as ſoon as he got to town, for like all his brethren of the clod, he did not feel ſo comfortable with paper in his pocket, as with hard metal: he haſted therefore to the bankers; but what were his feelings, when he was told, they knew no ſuch perſon! he gaped and ſtared, and ſtammered, and almoſt loſt his breath: but recovering himſelf a little, he endeavoured to expoſtulate with them; named the place of the gentleman's abode, and the church he was

rector

rector of, and insisted he could not be mistaken.

He was requested to sit down, while one of the clerks stepped out to make inquiry, for they assured him they did not believe any such person as he described, was to be heard of, and they greatly feared he had been swindled: but this would not satisfy the Farmer, he would accompany the clerk, and see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears. The clerk offended at the distrust the Farmer expressed, told him it was mere civility to a stranger, and pity to a dupe, induced him to undertake a task he was not obliged to, he might therefore, for his rudeness, go by himself. He went, but the result of all his inquiries proved that he was taken in.

He wrote home immediately an account of these matters, and requested the Parson might be taken into custody till his return, which should be with all expedition. The Farmer's son, attended

by

by a conſtable and two or three ſervants, entered the houſe of Farmer Rogers, and inquired for the Parſon. Poor Mrs Rogers was confounded at ſeeing them, and haſtily aſked the reaſon of their thus coming? "Where is the Parſon? where is your huſband?" cries the conſtable, "we muſt have one or both of them, to conduct them to Stafford." Terrified to the laſt degree, "For God's ſake, neighbours," ſaid ſhe, "what do you mean? my huſband and the gentleman have been out ever ſince Monday, and can have done nothing to deſerve this."

"It was done before," ſaid the young Farmer: "don't you remember your huſband perſuaded my father to let the Parſon have ten guineas. They are accomplices it's plain, and are both gone off together: Here, read this letter." So ſaying, he put the letter into her hand, and deſired her to read it aloud, that they all might hear it. She read it as well

well as ſhe was able, till overpowered with its contents, ſhe let it drop on the floor, and ſunk down upon a chair.

As ſoon as ſhe could recover herſelf to ſpeak, ſhe confeſſed appearances were dark as to the Parſon; but could they ſuppoſe that Mr. Rogers would expel himſelf from his home and family, to go ſnacks in the paltry ſum of ten guineas? A thouſand fears now diſtracted her about her huſband's ſafety, in the company of ſuch a villain, leſt he ſhould have murdred him for the ſake of the little money he had about him.

The conſtable and his company, departed under the ſame apprehenſions with Mrs Rogers; for on ſecond thoughts, they could not ſuppoſe Mr Rogers could be a party in the affair. All Lappley ſoon rang with the news. Every relater told the ſtory with his or her embelliſhments and additions: ſome magnified the ſum to twenty guineas, ſome to more: ſome

ſome reported that Mr. Rogers was found murdered in a pit; others ſaid a ditch, ſome in one place and ſome in another.

The poor Curate came in for his ſhare, for ſuffering a man to preach whom he did not know. His cloath was reproached with, "Theſe are your Parſons—you ſee what parſons can do—nay, none but a Parſon could have been ſuch a rogue." The poor Curate was forced to bear all patiently, and had a hundred fears for himſelf, leaſt his principal ſhould diſmiſs him for admitting a man into his pulpit, whom he did not know to be a clergyman.

All the time the conſtable was at Mr. Rogers's, and while the letter was reading, Nancy and Patty ſat ſtupid with aſtoniſhment, and Tom fleering at them with ſignificant looks. No ſooner was he gone, than Tom began. "Well, ladies, did not I tell you we need not travel far for knowledge, but that we

had

had a maſter come to teach us? It was indeed very polite in him to accommodate our neighbour with a check upon his banker. I believe, ladies, you never ſaw a Banker's check before; pray what do you think of them?"

"I think you are a teazing fool," ſays Miſs Nancy, "who beſide your wiſe ſelf could have thought ſo gentleman-like a man could have been a rogue?" "Why now do you ſee," ſays Tom, "did not I tell you, Tom Clown was the apteſt ſcholar: I firſt learned the leſſon, that he was a ſhuffling raſcal." "Hold your impertinent, provoking tongue," ſaid Mrs. Rogers, and think about your poor murdered father." "My father," ſays Tom, "I dare ſay is alive—perhaps indeed, he is dead drunk ſomewhere—but then you know he'll come to life again, as he has done many times before." "Provoking impertinence, perhaps this fellow who has deceived us all, has murdered him."

"No,

" No, not deceived us all, mother," ſays Tom, " for he has not deceived me; and as to his killing my father, why do you ſee, if I could think ſuch a thing, I ſhould be very unhappy, for you know he is a good father to us all, though he grieves us by theſe drunken freaks; but I'll tell you my mind of it: this worthy clergyman, this polite gentleman has, while my father was ſleeping under a full doſe, taken french leave of him, becauſe he would not diſturb his repoſe."

" Your raillery is very provoking, Tom, but I pray God your thoughts about your father may be true." " Depend upon it, mother, for you ſay I have no charity for any body, but do you ſee, I have more charity for the Parſon than you. I believe him to be a raſcal, but I cannot conceive that with ten guineas in his pocket, he would murder my father for leſs than one."

Miſs Patty had hitherto ſaid nothing: " Tom," ſaid ſhe, " do tell me without jeering,

jeering, what made your ſuſpect this fine ſpoken gentleman to be a bad man?" "Why now my dear Patty, do you ſee, becauſe you ſpeak pretty to me, I'll tell you. I ſuſpected him becauſe he was too fine ſpoken: had he been only civil and good manner'd to you, I ſhould have liked him well enough, but how was it poſſible for a man who had never ſeen you before, (and could not know you) to ſay ſo many fine things of you and mother, without deſign. Think of the old proverb, Patty, 'Tis an ugly ſight to ſee a Fox lick a Lamb. I believe he meant the trick he has played, to fall upon father; and as it is, he has made father his tool, to take our neighbour in."

The anxious Mrs. Rogers diſpatched meſſengers every where in ſearch for her huſband: they ſearched in vain for a whole day, but could not find him; at laſt they traced him to Woolverhampton, there they found him ſtupidly drunk, but

but alone. Upon inquiry after the gentleman who was with him, they were informed that he disappeared the day before, while Rogers was asleep; that waking and finding his companion gone, he began to suspect all was not right as to the ten guineas—that through vexation he gave himself up to drinking again, because he was afraid and ashamed to go home.

The messengers informed Mr. Rogers of the state of affairs at Lappley, and the distress his wife was in for his safety. He set off for home trembling and ashamed, which he took care not to reach till after dark, that he might avoid the inquiries of his neighbours, concerning his companion. His wife and daughters received him joyfully as one alive from the dead; for their fears had imagined the very worst that could happen. As he was now tolerably sober, he sat down with his family to talk over

this

this ſtrange adventure, each expreſſing their wonder at being ſo deceived, except Tom, who only ſaid, "He hoped for the future, father would take care of every civil gentleman, eſpecially parſons: for my part," ſaid he, "I think Tom Clown's notions are beſt."

In a few days the Farmer returned from London, his firſt interview with Mr. Rogers, was an angry one; but on that good-natured man's calmly reaſoning with him, and promiſing to bear half his loſs, he was ſatisfied: and good neighbourhood was again reſtored between them.

To return to our Hero. He took his rout to Salop, ſuppoſing the Lappleyans would not ſend the news of their diſaſter ſo far. In this he was miſtaken, and had like to have been ſurpriſed in his greateſt ſecurity. On his arrival at his Inn, he took the earlieſt opportunity of enquiring what was ſtirring; and

hearing nothing from Staffordſhire, began to be quite eaſy on that ſcore, intending to ſtop a while there, and watch opportunity to make a *ſhift* to carry him elſewhere. The next day afternoon, as he was ſitting in the coffee-room, amuſing himſelf with the papers, a man entered with a number of hand bills, and threw two or three of them upon each table: Leger took up one, and ſaw that it deſcribed himſelf and his tranſactions at Lappley—he looked around him, and ſaw that every gentleman in the room was reading a bill, and ſome of them eying him with conſiderable attention.

"What a damned ſon of a bitch!" he exclaimed, "why the moſt wary are unſafe againſt ſuch deep artifice—to aſſume the ſacred character, and preach to them, how could they ſuſpect him—had he gone to them in the character of a canting Methodiſt, there had been no

no wonder in the matter, nor ſhould I pity them: but by G-d (for it is enough to make a parſon ſwear) I would willingly double the reward out of my own pocket, for the honour of the cloath."

The waiter entering, "Waiter," ſaid he, "order the cook to get ſupper for ſix gentlemen, who are to ſup with me to night, at nine preciſely; and do you prepare us a room. After a little converſation on the ſubject of the handbill, he had the ſatisfactiou to ſee that his aſſurance had the deſired effect, and their apparent ſuſpicions wore off: he embraced the moment, and calling for his cane from the bar, ſaid he would walk in the Quarry.

He ſtepped into a hair-dreſſer's ſhop, and had his hair dreſſed en queue: then buying ſome court-plaiſter, for a pretended cut in his finger, he turned his face to the window as if for light, and cut a patch to cover one eye, which he

concealed in the palm of his hand, while he laid a small piece upon his finger: as soon as he was in the street, he put the patch upon his eye: Thus disguised he ventured into an Inn, and ordered a post chaise for Whitchurch, from thence he took another for Chester, where he thought himself far enough from Lappley.

Our Hero resolved now to drop the clerical character for a while, and to assume his own, (a counsellor) as being more easy to support, because habitual. His hair was therefore kept en queue, the black patch, now useless, was thrown away, and a pawn-broker's shop supplied him with a couple of ruffled shirts. He assumed the name of Counsellor Leger —was going to Ireland to recover a litigated estate, and waited at Chester, for some necessary instructions, which had not been recollected when he set out.

To appear the more respectable, he took genteel lodgings, as being more eligible

eligible than abiding at an Inn, though he visited the Coffee-room every day: as his profession and appearance were genteel, he found no difficulty to introduce himself to the best of company; and Counsellor Leger became generally known and respected in the first families in Chester.

He continued some time at Chester, without any thing advantageous offering: his money was melting away, and he became apparently uneasy, which he accounted for, as flowing from vexation at his client's delay in not sending the promised instructions.

An event however took place, which removed his anxiety, and called out his genius to exertion: a young gentleman from Ireland, stopped at Chester in his way to London, to pay his respects to some persons who had been his father's former acquaintances. The cordiality with which he was received by them,

and their preffing intreaties, induced him to ftay fome days with them, and as Leger vifited among them, threw him into his company: and from the firft moment he faw him, he hoped to gain fome advantage by him, and fet himfelf to ftudy him for that purpofe.

Young O' Donovan was open and artlefs, of an ardent and affectionate difpofition: his heart attached itfelf without referve, to thofe who feemed to be attached to him. Unpractifed in the ways of men, he fufpected no harm, where he had given no offence, and was ready to believe fincerity always dwelled where it was profeffed. Nature had been generous to him in the beauty of his perfon, and a good education had cultivated good natural parts, fo that it was hardly poffible to know and not be partial to him.

Leger affected a great regard for him, and fought affiduoufly his company and acquaintance:

acquaintance: besides the frequent meetings at houses where they frequently visited, they were sure to meet daily at the coffee-room; and in fine weather, walk upon the walls of Chester, or on the Banks of the Dee.

A gloom sometimes hung upon the countenance of O'Donovan, and an absence of thought even in company which it was easy to see was not natural to him: our Hero took advantage of this, to draw out of him his history, and by that means to develope his character. Accordingly when they were one day alone, and Leger's tongue had run sometime without the other seeming to gard it; "I am sure, my dear sir, said he, "there is something upon your mind; you are often so absent, and sometimes so gloomy, that I suspect you are unhappy.

O'Donovan sighed, and confessed his heart was not at ease, "But," said he, "if your goodness can forgive my past inattention

inattention, I will endeavour for the future to guard againſt theſe gloomy fits, for why ſhould my friends be troubled with my private ſorrows?" "Why! my dear Patrick, why ſhould they not? what is friendſhip that will not participate in ſorrow as well as joy? tell me, my dear ſir, what it is that troubles you, and if it is in my power to relieve—ſure you have not—you cannot have the ſhadow of a doubt, that I would do more for a brother than for you." "You are very good, ſir," ſaid the youth, but it is time alone, muſt releive me, though I'm afraid it never will."

"Be that as it may, I claim the right of a friend to know, and perhaps my counſel and advice may not be altogether unſerviceable. Here let us ſit down on this bench, and open your mind to me with freedom." "You ſhall be obeyed, "ſaid O'Donnovan, and thus he proceeded."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Story of Patrick O'Donovan.

"I Am the second son of Sir Melvin O'Donovan, an irish Baronet, and was destined by my father, for the profession of the law; my own inclination coinciding with his design.—At fifteen years of age, I was sent to the University of Dublin, where I pursued my studies for five years, visiting and residing with my parents, two, and sometimes three months in every summer.

Charles Melvin, my second cousin, was sent to the University at the same time: our ages were nearly equal, and we had from infancy, contracted a friendship for each other: consequently at col-

lege, we were inſeparable companions and entire confidants: and when we returned to our homes, which were not more than two miles diſtant, we were moſtly together.

Nothing remarkable happened with regard to either of us, until the third year of our ſtudies. Then returning home as uſual, Charles and myſelf were invited to a Fete Champetre in the neighbourhood; it was there I firſt ſaw the cauſe of all my unhappineſs.

Iſabella Murphy ſhone in beauty, ſuperior to all the females that graced the feſtivity: ſhe was beheld with envy by her own ſex, and with admiration by ours. Her dreſs, which was elegantly fanciful, was calculated to ſet off and heighten her perſonal charms. I attached myſelf to her, as much as poſſible, through the whole evening; that by converſation I might diſcover if her mind bore any compariſon with her form: if

I

I was ſtruck with the latter, I was charmed with the former; and conſidered her as the pheonix of female excellence.

Iſabella was about ſixteen: ſhe had a brother about my own age, and I determined to cultivate an acquaintance with him, that I might be able frequently to ſee and converſe with her, as the friend of her brother; and, if poſſible, engage him to be an advocate for my paſſion.

The next day, I communicated the ſtate of my heart to my couſin Charles; he attempted to rally me out of what he called the moſt egregious folly, for young fellows of our age, to attach their hearts to one fair one: 'Now Patrick,' ſaid he, 'is our time for roving, and taſting the ſweets of love in their variety: your grave paſſion for Iſabella Murphy, might tolerably well ſuit eight and twenty, but is at preſent, the crime of high treaſon againſt the privileges of youth.' It is in vain Charles, ſaid I, to rally me,

my liberty is loſt, and I am fixed before I began to rove. 'Well, well,' ſaid Charles, 'do as you will, I am determined to preſerve my heart from the folly that has ſeized yours, until I am older and wiſer; and I think it would be as well for you to conſider the impropriety of your attachment, as there is not the leaſt probability, that either your father or hers, will hear of the affair with patience, until you have finiſhed your ſtudies.'

No matter, ſaid I, could I ſecure the heart of Iſabella, and thereby prevent another from carrying off that ineſtimable prize: my father, I know, is too wiſe, and too good, to lay any unneceſſary bars in the way of his childrens happineſs; and her father, I think, can have no reaſonable objection to the alliance at a proper time. I will lay my heart at the feet of my charmer, the firſt opportunity, and perſevere in my aſſiduities, until I obtain hers in return: and do

do you, Charles, if you love your friend, employ that perſuaſive tongue of thine, in my intereſt.

He promiſed, ſince, as he ſaid, *I was determined* to be a fool, and he would endeavour to make the cap and bells ſit as decently upon my head as poſſible.

I was chagrined at this ſarcaſm, but did not in the leaſt ſuſpect the real meaning of it: I attributed it to his natural levity, and being confident of his friendſhip, forgave him the pain his biting ſatire had given me.

Curſe on his deceitful arts! had he honeſtly confeſſed himſelf my rival—had he declared his heart was in the ſame ſituation as mine—I would have ſaid, purſue your fortune, Charles, as I will mine; I expect not of my friend, a ſacrifice I myſelf could not make to him: and if one of us muſt be unhappy, let Iſabella determine which.

A ſlight indiſpoſition confined me for two days, ſo I diſpatched Charles to young Murphy, to acquaint him with my penchant for his ſiſter, and begged that both of them would ſo converſe about me in her preſence, as might tend to give her a favourable idea of me, and pave the way for the declaration I was about to make, as ſoon as my health would permit. He departed, ſeemingly pleaſed with his embaſſy, and promiſed to make a faithful report at his return.

He was no ſooner gone, than my father entered my room, to enquire of my health. That dear and honoured parent had accuſtomed his children from early infancy, to repoſe ſo much confidence in him, that reſerve, with reſpect to him, was needleſs. We concealed not from him even our faults; faithful, yet ſo gentle in his reproofs, that we were convinced it was more our intereſt to rectify our errors under the direction of his

his affectionate wisdom, than to conceal them from him.

Sir, said I, looking earnestly in his face, Isabella Murphy—'What of her, Pat; Are you in love then?' I am, sir, said I, and flatter myself, that my honoured parent will not disapprove of the object of my passion. I then related to him, how I lost my heart at the Fete Champetre. After rallying me with great good-nature, on the loss I had sustained, he added seriously. 'I am grieved, my dear boy, at the information you have given me; lest love, and its little embarrassments, should unsettle your mind as to your studies. I am apprehensive of other evils; at your age, the passions rise to ardency at once, and almost as soon cool again: your mind may change; and who knows how much the injured Isabella may have to mourn for your inconstancy.' My dear father, said I, did you ever know your Patrick subject

to levity and ficklenefs? and as to fears for my ftudies, be affured, that my love for Ifabella, will be a powerful motive to render myfelf accomplifhed for her fake. 'Well, Pat,' faid he, 'it is not a time for me to move in this bufinefs, act worthy of yourfelf and me: and when you want my interference, remember you have a friend.' I preffed his hand to my lips, and bleffed him with all my heart.

Charles returned from his embaffy, and I inquired his fuccefs with eagernefs. 'Why, Patrick,' faid he, the out-works are won for you, and in my opinion, you need only affault the citadel with vigour, and the garrifon will furrender at difcretion—Murphy is your warm friend—Ifabella heard us talk of you with feeming pleafure, and fhe herfelf, faid many handfome things of you.'

Thanks, my dear Charles, faid I, for this encouraging intelligence, be ftill my friend,

friend, and it ſhall be the buſineſs of my life to ſerve your intereſts.

‘ Hark ye, Pat,’ ſaid he, ‘ as your affairs are in ſo fine a train, take my advice and improve them : never think of being a dangler for two or three years, before the conſummation of your wiſhes ; pluck the roſe in the bud : you may afterwards, if it continues to pleaſe you, place it in your boſom : or you may throw it away for the next paſſenger to pick up.’

I was chilled with horror, and turning indignantly upon him, Charles, ſaid I, I thought you virtuous. I valued your friendſhip as ſuch : I never expected ſuch advice from you, and if I hear a ſyllable more of it, dearly as I have loved you, I will tear you from my heart.

‘I am virtuous,’ Patrick, ſaid he, ‘ and only meant to try if you were ſo—Iſabella is an angel—and Murphy a worthy young

young man, and entirely in your interest, as he ſuppoſes your intentions honourable—I have the warmeſt friendſhip for them both, and for their ſakes'—— for their ſakes, ſaid I, warmly, what reaſon could you have to ſuſpect diſhonour in me? 'Nay, Patrick,' ſaid he, 'reaſon, or not, I had a mind to prove you: I am ſatisfied. I will add, for *your ſake* as well as theirs, for had I found you faulty in inclination, I love you too well to ſuffer you to be criminal, though I loſe your friendſhip by being your hinderance.'

His diſſimulation pacified me, and I reſtored him to my confidence, thereby giving him opportunity for further machinations againſt me."

"Againſt you," ſaid Leger, "why I thought he had been in your intereſt. What reaſon have you to think he acted deceitfully?" "His own confeſſion," ſaid O'Donovan, "as you will hear in the ſequel

ſequel of my ſtory : but I find it neceſſary I ſhould here explain a little. I have hinted already, that Charles was ſtruck by Iſabella's charms, at the ſame time as I was myſelf." "O! I remember," ſaid Leger, "you ſaid how generous you would have behaved, had he declared himſelf your rival. Damn the dog, I begin to ſmoke him now: but explain if you pleaſe."

"Well then," ſaid O'Donovan, "he rallied me at firſt, in hopes to beat me off from addreſſing Iſabella : he then accepted the office of ambaſſador, when he pleaded his own cauſe, and not mine : and thirdly, he wiſhed me to addreſs her with libertine views, as he was certain ſhe would never ſee me more, when ſhe perceived my intention."

"O damn him," ſaid Leger, he had a true iriſh ſoul !" "What do you mean by that?" ſaid O'Donovan. "Nothing," ſaid Leger, with all the compoſure in the world,

world, "but that he had not the ſoul of a gentleman, but of a bog-trotter, the very refuſe of your cabin peaſants." "Very true," ſaid O'Donovan, "but in thoſe cabins, I have found virtuous diſpoſitions, until corrupted by higher life, as my ſtory will ſhew." "Pray," ſaid Leger, "proceed."

"Well, ſir, I recovered my health, and flew to my charmer: and if I may credit the apparent ſucceſs of my addreſſes, my rival had made no great impreſſion: and I had reaſon to flatter myſelf I was not indifferent to Iſabella."—

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Continuation of O'Donovan's *Story.*

"THE time came for my departure from the country, and Iſabella permitted me to correſpond with her— our corrſepondence was uninterrupted for ſeveral months; but afterwards met with frequent breaks, which occaſioned mutual complaints on both ſides; and explanations which brought complaints againſt the Poſt-Office: at laſt, the correſpondence, on the part of Iſabella, entirely dropped; and I received no anſwer to any letters which I wrote to her.

My anxiety, on this account, was exceeding great, as I thought her ſilence aroſe from incapacity through ſickneſs. I wrote to my brother, requeſting him to

to inform me if Isabella was well, and what was the cause of her unaccountable silence. His answer assured me of her health, but of the cause of her silence he knew nothing. All this while, Charles Melvin behaved with his usual freedom and apparent friendship, frequently enquired after Isabella, and expressed astonishment, when I informed him of the interruption in our correspondence.

At the usual time, the next summer, I went to visit my parents, elated with the hope that I should come to an ecclaircissement with Isabella: but what was my astonishment, when I heard that she had quitted her father's house the day before my arrival, to visit a relation in a distant part of the kingdom: in a few days Charles disappeared also, and then my suspicions of foul-play began to awake. After turning the matter every way in my mind, I thought it impossible that Charles, who was always with me

at

at Dublin, ſhould be able to do any thing to my hurt without an accomplice, and I was certain he could have none but my ſervant Tinah.

Tinah was the ſon of a poor peaſant, a tenant of my father's; he was ſelected from a cabin full of little wretched beings, to be my attendant and play-mate. We grew up together, and with growing years, Tinah's attachment ſeemed to grow alſo; he would often declare that nothing but death ſhould ſeparate him from me. His lively diſpoſition, good nature and obedience, made me value him; and as I believed him faithfully attached to me, I felt for him a ſincere regard: it was with the greateſt difficulty my mind could be brought to conceive it poſſible Tinah ſhould confederate againſt me.

A trivial circumſtance led to this detection; the envy of the neighbouring peaſants at ſeeing Tinah's ſiſters wear a few trifling ornaments, which he had brought

brought from Dublin, and had given them: it was the tattle of the servants that drew my attention to the matter, and as I knew he had received nothing from me while at College, but for mere neceſſaries, I concluded he had purchaſed his preſents with the reward of ſecret ſervices.

As he aſſiſted me one day to dreſs, 'Tinah,' ſaid I, 'you are a villain; and ſnatching up a piſtol which lay upon the table, I held it to his head: I know part of your baſeneſs; confeſs the whole immediately, or you die upon the ſpot. Terrified at his ſituation and not quite hardened in iniquity, he dropped on his knees, and confeſſed that he had been bribed by Mr. Melvin, with money, and the promiſe of a farm, to deliver to him my letters to Iſabella, inſtead of putting them into the poſt, and to intercept her letters to me, and to convey them to him.

Wretch,

Wretch, ſaid I, you deſerve death, but your life may be neceſſary for the detection of that villain Charles; live therefore, and atone for your wickedneſs as much as poſſible, by revealing all you know about this affair.

I ſet off immediately to the place to which Iſabella was gone, and took Tinah with me. Not far from the place, we met Charles returning: I ſeized him as a lion does its prey. Surpriſe and guilt depriving him of power of reſiſtance, I pulled him from his horſe, and with Tinah's aſſiſtance, bound him to a tree. He demanded his liberty, and he would meet me as a gentleman; but I aſſured him I never would grant a ſcoundrel that privilege: and then gave him a very ſevere diſcipline with my whip.

We turned his horſe to graze, and left him for the charity of the next paſſenger to looſe, for he had travelled without a ſervant.

Isabella was surprised to see me, and asked with a degree of haughtiness, what had occasioned me to give myself the trouble of coming? I come, Madam, to do myself justice, and perhaps to do you justice. Our correspondence was at first unaccountably interrupted, and at last entirely ceased, and I suspect from my meeting a certain gentleman near this place, another correspondence was established in its stead: as to the former, permit me to order my servant into your presence, who shall inform you of as black a piece of treachery as ever was acted.

She had no curiosity to know any thing about it, and thought I gave myself and her unnecessary trouble.

The justification of my conduct is necessary, madam, my honour is concerned to have it cleared up: if you have altered your sentiments with respect to me, you are the best judge how far you are obliged

obliged in honour to account for your conduct; however gratified I should be by your condescension, I cannot compel it, but me and my servant you shall hear.

I treated her, she said, very cavalierly.

Then hear us patiently, Madam, and afterwards, if you command it, I will quit you for ever.

I commanded Tinah to enter, and repeat the confession he had made to me: he did so, and by declaring how many letters of her's he had intercepted and conveyed to Melvin, convinced her his testimony was true.

"Dismiss Tinah for the present," said Isabella—"no, permit me to ask him one or two questions in your absence: take a turn in the garden, and at your return, I perhaps may be able to inform you of what I have thought an apology for my conduct."

I obeyed—I returned—ſhe had diſmiſſed Tinah to the ſervants, and was waiting for me. "Sir," ſaid ſhe, "though I queſtioned Tinah in your abſence, I did not mean to conceal from you the purport of my queſtions; they relate to yourſelf, and conſiſt of two articles; firſt, that under the appearance of virtue, (I was informed) you are an abandon'd libertine: this Tinah aſſures me is a falſhood. The ſecond, is concerning a Miſs Flora Dervent, of whom he can give me no intelligence, though he ſays he is your prime miniſter in all your affairs; nay, he ſwears by the ſhrine of St. Patrick, that he verily believes there is no ſuch perſon in Dublin: now, ſir, I will give you my reaſons for aſking him theſe queſtions."——

So ſaying, ſhe delivered into my hands a number of letters, arranged according to their dates: ſhe ſaid ſhe would leave me to the peruſal of them, and when I had

had done, the bell would summons a servant to inform her I was at leisure. I bowed assent, and she withdrew.

Good God! what was my surprise at their contents! they contained the allegations from whence her questions to Tinah arose. They suggested that though I wore the specious mask of virtue and probity, I was abandon'd to the loosest gratifications: and that a regard to her future peace and happiness, had induced him as a friend, to give her the information. They proceeded in detail, to suggest that my addresses to Isabella were not with honourable views: they affirmed that I addressed with proposals of marriage, a Miss Flora Derwent, the only daughter and heiress of a gentleman of immense fortune, and that I was favourably received: they appealed to the apparent negligence of my correspondence with Isabella, as a proof of their truth: they proceeded at last, to assume the form of

love-letters, earneſtly pleading the cauſe of their writer.

And this, ſaid I, is Charles Melvin, the friend of my heart's beſt confidence! the chaſtiſement I have given him is not ſufficient for ſuch a villain. I rang, and Iſabella entered: I am much obliged to you, madam, ſaid I, for the peruſal of theſe letters; I heard from Tinah, that Charles was a traytor, but theſe have revealed the myſtery of his treaſon. Excuſe any longer conference with you, Madam, at this time, another time I hope to ſee you with pleaſure; but now, every call of honour urges me to ſeek the deteſted writer of theſe curſed letters.

Iſabella ſtrove to hinder my departure, and to deprecate my vengeance; but I broke from her, and ſummoning Tinah to attend me, ſet off for the ſpot where I had left the villain bound to a tree. Happily for him, ſomebody had releaſed him, and he was gone, or he had not

not departed that place an object fit for human eyes to behold.

I returned to my father's house, and acquainted him and my elder brother with what had happened; they advised me to quit Ireland immediately, as considering my life in danger from the malice of Charles, in consequence of the contemptuous chastisement I had given him; but I was fearless of danger, and wished for nothing so much as a re-encounter.

I would have dismissed the ungrateful Tinah, but his seeming penitence, tears and supplications, mollified me: it appeared too, that Charles in seducing him, had never let him into the knowledge of his own scheme, but persuaded him he was doing his master real service, though against his will: I forgave him, but resolved to keep a watchful eye over him for the future.

I rode out the next day, and Tinah with me; it was dark when we returned: about half a mile frome home, we were set upon by four ruffians, who struck at us with poles to beat us from our horses: me they missed, but the blow falling on the hinder part of the horse, made him spring forward, I immediately clapped spurs to him, and by that means escaped: Poor Tinah fell a sacrifice; I heard his shrieks, but could not help him—I immediately sent my father's servants armed to the place, but the assassins were gone—Tinah was dead, and mangled in a most shocking manner.

I was now convinced the fears of my father and brother were just, and I hearkened to their advice to quit Ireland privately. My father furnished me with what supplies he thought necessary—gave me letters to his friends in London, and I am going to enter the army: honour must be my mistress, and if I can, I

I will forget Isabella—as to that lady, I wrote to her, acquainting her with what had happened, and my departure in consequence of it. I blamed her for her too easy credulity, which had made her the dupe of Charles's machinations, and had much abated that high opinion I had formed of her wisdom and prudence—and with best wishes for her happiness, bid her farewell.

This is my tale, sir, and the circumstances I have related, recurring too often to my memory, together with some degree of remaining softness for Isabella, are the causes of that absence and thoughtfulness of which you have complained."

CHAP. XI.

Leger's *Shift for a Hundred Pounds — O'Donovan's Troubles in Consequence of it*—Leger *at Dublin.*

LEGER thanked the young Hibernian for his ſtory, expreſſed the deepeſt deteſtation of Melvin's treachery, and applauded his reſolution of the purſuit of arms: adding, with one of his broad grins of affected friendſhip, and a ſtrenuous ſqueeze of the hand; "My dear friend, I feel myſelf very happy in having it in my power to ſerve you: my connections, ſir, are men of importance; I will write to them in your behalf, recommending you in the ſtrongeſt manner, as a worthy and deſerving young man,

man, for ſuch I am ſure you are; and I have not a doubt, but in a ſhort time you will find yourſelf in a comfortable ſituation, with agreeable proſpects before you of riſing rapidly."

O'Donovan thanked him with the warmeſt gratitude, and intreated him to ſet about writing immediately, as he intended to quit Cheſter in a week.

"I will, my dear friend," ſaid Leger, "by G-d I am in earneſt to ſerve you; let us retire to my lodging and take a cup of tea: I will then ſit down and write the letters before you, you ſhall read them and put them in the poſt to-morrow morning—when you go from hence, you ſhall take letters with you to the ſame perſons, by way of introduction, and to identify your perſon."

The letters were wrote according to promiſe, and in the moſt ardent ſtyle of recommendation. O'Donovan was put in poſſeſſion of them to ſend them by

the poſt; and he retired to his lodging with a heart much lighter then it had been ſince he left Ireland.

O'Donovan was all gratitude for this inſtance of friendſhip, and ſo warmly attached to his ſuppoſed benefactor, that they were in a manner inſeperable. Leger was conſtantly complaining of his dilitary Client, and his not ſending him the promiſed inſtructions—he wiſhed to get over to Dublin, to begin his buſineſs there, for he was tired of the lazy life he lived at Cheſter; and when his dear Patrick was gone, the place would be inſupportable: beſides, his finances were low, he owed for lodging, and ſeveral other little debts he had been obliged to contract, and ſuch things had an appearance of meanneſs.

The generous unſuſpecting youth lamented the inconvenience of his friend, and with the warmeſt gratitude, begged he might be permitted to pay off thoſe debts,

debts, that the credit of his friend might not ſuffer, and to ſave him from the pain of ſeeing perſons to whom he owed money. It was all he could do, to teſtify his gratitude. "Bleſſings on the heart of you," ſaid Leger, "not for the world would I ſtrip you of a ſhilling; I muſt have patience a little longer."

The day before O'Donovan's departure, he found Leger in his appartments with a table covered with papers before him, and in exceeding high ſpirits. "Now my dear Patrick," ſaid he, "I ſhall be full of buſineſs, and that will take off the chagrine of your departure. Theſe are the long waited-for inſtructions, I muſt arrange them, and write a few notes upon them, and then away for the ſcene of action in Ireland: My buſineſs will juſt take up ſo much time as will ſerve to acquaint me of your ſucceſs in town, and interchange two or three letters; is it not confounded lucky?"

"Has

"Has he ſent you the needful?" ſays Patrick, "O yes," ſays Leger, putting a letter into his hands, "take and read it." He did ſo: the purport was to apologiſe for delays, and to requeſt that Leger would draw upon the writer for one hundred pounds, in different bills of ſmall ſums. "Well," ſays Patrick, "and who will you get to caſh theſe bills?" "Who? why any tradeſman in Cheſter will do it: you ſee, that by drawing for ſmall ſums, ſeveral perſons can do it with eaſe, though it might be inconvenient to one to do the whole.

But—the thought has juſt ſtruck me—it will take time and trouble, to go about with little bills to get caſh—you are going to town immediately, and a bill for a hundred, at ſight, will be as good to you as ready caſh there; give me Bank or Caſh, which you will."

Patrick ſaid, he did not underſtand the nature of theſe things, but ſhould be

be glad to ſerve his friend, if he could—"Bleſs you," ſaid Leger, "you can, if you will; but for your own ſatisfaction, ſtep into the town, and inquire among the tradeſmen, they will inform you of the nature of bills: take the letter with you, nay, you ſhall take it up to London with you, as my authority for drawing upon him." "Nay," ſays Patrick, "what does it ſignify? I can as well believe your account as any other man's." "You ſhall not do it upon *my* word, you ſhall go and inquire; you are a young man, a little knowledge of theſe things may be of ſervice to you: go, I ſay, and come again in the evening, and I will write your introductory letters the while."

O'Donovan went as he was commanded, and made inquiry: every one told him, that if the drawer had a right to draw, and the perſon drawn upon had effects, there was no danger: he ſhewed the letter authorizing Leger to draw for

a

a hundred pounds, and every doubt vanished.

In the evening they met, and Leger delivered the letters he had written. "Now, my dear friend," said he, "what is the result of your inquiry?" "I am satisfied," said O'Donovan, "and have brought Bank bills to the amount of the sum." "Enough," said, here is the draught, payable to Patrick O'Donovan, Esq. or order: and now, my dear friend, you must accept of this ten pound Bank bill, as a token of my regard for you; I will not call it premium, for premiums are illegal. If I had gone to the tradesmen, some acknowledgement of service must have been made, and I see no reason why you should be deprived of it, because you are my particular friend.

O'Donovan would fain have refused the premium, but his generous friend compelled him to receive it, and charged him to write by the first post, when he reached

reached London. The affectionate irishman intreated our Hero, that when in Ireland, he would, if possible, visit Sir Melvin O'Donovan; and put a letter into his hand for that purpose. Leger took it, saying, "he might have an opportunity to send it, but it was very unlikely that his business should suffer him to leave Dublin.

The next morning, they took leave of each other at the coach, with a promise to correspond as long as Leger continued at Chester. When the coach was gone, Leger concluded there was now no occasion for his longer continuance— There was indeed board and lodging for several weeks, there was also a taylor's bill, a linen draper's bill, a washer woman's bill, and a few others; these he determined to leave, until he should come that way again: and getting his few moveables together, slipped out of the house after dark, went to an inn where

where he was not known, took a post-chaise and went to Eastham, and from thence he crossed the water to Liverpool.

O'Donovan, the next day after his arrival, presented his bill for payment; but, to his great surprise, was told, that they knew no such person as the drawer, nor had they any connections with him. Patrick was warm, and taking his letter from his pocket, presented it to the principal; saying angrily, "There sir, will you deny your own hand writing?" he read it attentively, and as attentively viewed the bearer of it. "Sir," said he, "there is a mystery in this letter, which you must explain before your betters." So saying, he sent for a constable, and had him away before the Lord-Mayor, where he was accused with forging and uttering both the letter and the draught, with an intention to defraud. The poor youth was so confounded, at the situation in which he found himself, that he was inca-

incapable of making any proper defence, or of giving a satisfactory account of himself. His Country, and the circumstance of his being unknown to every one in London, operated much to create suspicion of his guilt. He was committed to the Counter for re-examination the next day.

The next day, when his mind was more composed, he sent for those friends of his father's, to whom he had letters, to appear for him before the Lord Mayor. They came, and acknowledged they had formerly known Sir Melvin O'Donovan: but, as to his son, it was impossible for them to identify a person they had never seen: they could say nothing to the authenticity of the letters addressed to them, as correspondence had been dropped too many years for them to be certain of Sir Melvin's hand-writing.

O'Donovan, gave a clear and simple detail how he came by the letter and the

the draught, he produced the letters Leger had given him, and officers were sent with them, according to their directions: but no such persons were to be found, he was therefore recommitted until proper inquiry could be made concerning Counsellor Leger.

The inquiry was favourable for poor O'Donovan, as it proved that such a person had resided at Chester—that there was an intimacy between O'Donovan and him—that he pretended he was going to Ireland about a litigated estate—that he quitted Chester privately, the day O'Donovan departed—that he was in debt—and his creditors had pursued after him, as far as Park-gate, and Holy Head, without being able to gain the least intelligence of him.

This account corroborating with his own declaration, he was discharged, greatly pitied for his misfortunes, both in the

loss

loſs of his money, and the trouble and vexation he had met with.

Our Hero lay ſnug at Liverpool, in private lodgings: he aſſumed no character, nor did he go much into company, for fear he ſhould meet with ſome one from Cheſter who knew him.

One day, however, he had the pleaſure to hear his own heroic deeds recounted. He was in company where was a gentleman of Liverpool, who had been at Cheſter, and brought home the news of O'Donovan's ſituation, and the inquiries that had been made after himſelf. As he had aſſumed another name, and never mentioned his being at Cheſter, he heard the tale with an unmoved countenance, pitied the poor iriſhman, and joined to curſe the ſwindling villain.

Our Hero now thought it time to quit Liverpool: unaccuſtomed, for years paſt, to pay for a lodging, he retired as heretofore, without having any words

with

with his hoſt: he went to Park-gate, and from thence in the Packet to Dublin, where he continued ſometime barren of adventures, until his caſh was conſiderably diminiſhed.

As he was reading the papers one day in a coffee-houſe, a gentleman entering inquired for Mr. O'Donovan: Leger ſtarted with ſurpriſe, but on looking round him, was very glad not to ſee his late friend Patrick. He compoſed his mind, and attentively regarded the gentleman who anſwered to the name, and fancied he perceived in him ſomething of a family reſemblance: he was reſolved to be ſatisfied, and already began to form a ſcheme of buſineſs.

"Sir," ſaid Leger, "pardon the intruſion of a ſtranger, but I think I heard you called by the name of O'Donovan." "You did, ſir," ſaid the young gentleman, "that is my name, have you any commands for me?" "None ſir, but I

ſhall

hall be glad to know if you are related o Mr. Patrick O'Donovan, a young gentleman, who lately left this kingdom nd is going to London?" "Yes ſir," nſwered the other, joy ſparkling in his yes, "I am happy, very happy, to meet vith a perſon who has ſeen, and can nform me of a beloved brother, for he as not wrote to us ſince he left us. Do me the honour, ſir, to admit me of our acquaintance." "Moſt gladly," aid Leger, "I think myſelf peculiarly ortunate in meeting with a gentleman I eſpaired of ſeeing, as I was told the family reſidence is very diſtant from this ity. You are Mr. Phelim O'Donovan, I preſume, the eldeſt ſon of Sir Melvin."

"The ſame, ſir," ſaid Phelim, "but ell me, How does my dear brother do? nd where is he? for I am exceeding nxious about him: I fear his honeſt unſuſpecting heart ſhould expoſe him to as many vexations and troubles in the other

kingdom,

kingdom, as it has done in this. Tell me, ſir, where and when did you ſee him?"

"Your brother," ſaid Leger, "was well, as I heard, when I left England: he is in London, endeavouring to get into the army, and I hope he will ſucceed. I wonder he has not wrote to you, but I ſuppoſe he waits an opportunity to inform you of his ſucceſs. Some very particular buſineſs calls me at preſent. If you will meet me here to-morrow, at ten, I ſhall have time to inform you more particularly about him: we men of the law muſt be punctual with our clients." So ſaying, he departed as in great hurry of buſineſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Leger *relates to* Phelim *the Misfortune of his Brother—is invited to* Sir Melvin's —Phelim *in love with* Clara.

PHELIM O'Donovan was about five and twenty, as ardent and honeſt as his brother, and not a whit more guarded againſt deception, but he had not as yet been quite ſo unfortunate; ſo he took the liberty, like others in the ſame predicament, to be very anxious about his brother's want of caution: as he loved his brother very affectionately, he longed for the morrow to hear more particularly about him.

Leger had left him, to gain time to turn matters over in his own mind, and

to consider which would be best, whether to avoid Phelim O'Donovan, or attach himself to him: he was heartily glad he was as yet a stranger to Patrick's misfortunes, but then he must know them soon: he determined therefore to narrate them himself, and thereby avoid the suspicion of his being the author of them: as he had assumed the name of Walter Langston, he could relate the exploits of Anthony Leger, as a person distinct from himself.

He attended punctually at the time, and found the impatient brother waiting for him. The first compliments over, Leger began. "My acquaintance with your worthy brother commenced by our meeting together at the house of a common friend; his good sense, good temper, and elegant learning, so won upon my affections, that I loved him as my own soul: we became exceeding intimate, and I believe there was not a secret in his heart that he did not

not reveal to me, and that intimacy continued till he left Chester.

"Then I ſuppoſe," ſaid Phelim, "he told you the affair which made him quit this kingdom." "Certainly," ſaid Leger, "he told me of the treachery of Charles, the levity of Iſabella, and unhappy fate of Tinah." "Well, ſir, ſaid Phelim, as I find you was my brother's particular friend, I ſhall liſten to you with pleaſed attention, and beg you will accept my friendſhip alſo, for his ſake."

"Moſt gladly, my dear ſir," ſaid Leger, "I ſee ſo much of your brother's amiable diſpoſition in you, that I almoſt fancy myſelf again with him; but in one thing I perceive you differ, you have more diſcernment of perſons, and more caution than your brother. It is with too much reaſon you fear his honeſt unſuſpecting heart ſhould expoſe him to deceptions—poor young man, he has already ſuffered conſiderably, and I ſup-

poſe out of pure tenderneſs has forborne to inform you of it." "For God's ſake do not keep me in ſuſpence," exclaimed Phelim, "what has happened to my brother?"

Leger then with all imaginable gravity and concern, related the ſtory of his own villany, and Patrick's ſufferings; ſufficiently interlarding it with curſes and imprecations on the baſe deceiver, that could take advantage of ſo much truth and innocence.

Phelim was greatly moved at the recital: "And where," ſaid he, "did my unfortunate brother pick up this baſe acquaintance? what is the villain's name? is it not poſſible to trace him out, and bring him to juſtice? and why did not you as his friend, warn him of his danger?"

"My dear ſir," ſaid Leger, "you aſk a hundred queſtions at once; but I excuſe you, becauſe of your emotion: be patient, and I will anſwer you diſtinctly.

tinctly. He picked up this baſe acquaintance at the time and place I firſt ſaw him: and to ſay the truth, I myſelf was at firſt, as much taken with this fellow, as Patrick was: His appearance was very ſpecious, he had a tongue damnably well hung, he had a tolerable ſmattering both of learning and law, and knew how to render himſelf exceedingly agreeable; the name he went by, was Counſellor Leger.

As to the matter of tracing him to bring him to juſtice, that was tried you know, by thoſe who are as accuſtomed to hunt up ſuch raſcals, as a pointer or ſetting dog are to find their game, and yet he avoided them: what then could you and I do on this ſide the water? I commend your honeſt warmth however, in wiſhing to obtain juſtice for your brother.

As to warning your brother, I can fully juſtify myſelf; nay, I am bound to do

it to you and his family; for friendſhip is with me, a ſacred thing. I have confeſſed, I had at firſt, a predilection for the fellow, but it did not laſt long; for as I have travelled much, and ſeen much of the world, I have ſtudied men as well as things, and am ſeldom long under a miſtake about them: I acquainted my friend with my ſuſpicions that Leger was naught, and warned him againſt too much confidence in him—"I think Mr. Langſton, ſaid he, you are too ſuſpicious of mankind: cannot one be wiſe and prudent, without thinking the worſt of a man? beſide, I ſuſpect you have a tincture of jealouſy in you; I know you love me, and may perhaps, ſuppoſe I place that confidence in him, you only have a right to; but be aſſured, whatever degree of regard I have for Anthony, it cannot interfere with the ſuperlative eſteem I have for you." I ceaſed therefore to remonſtrate, but I continued watchful;

watchful: yet the affair of the draught was done in ſuch a hurry, that it was impoſſible for me to interpoſe."

"My eagerneſs about my brother has made me inattentive to propriety; I ought to have requeſted the honour to know your addreſs; I think you called yourſelf Langſton?" "Yes, ſir," ſaid Leger, "my name is Walter Langſton, the only ſon of Walter Langſton, Eſq; of Eaſt Loo, in Cornwall: my father was well known on the Weſtern Circuit, as an able Counſellor; and at my own requeſt, I was devoted to the ſame profeſſion. I was educated under my father's eye, and chiefly by himſelf, till I went to ſtudy at the Inns of Court—I am at preſent a member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn; by them I was called to the bar, where I have obtained ſome tolerable reputation in my profeſſion."

"I hope, ſir," ſaid Phelim, "for the honour of the law, this Counſellor Leger was an impoſter throughout?" "I wiſh I could ſay ſo," ſaid Leger, "but it is too true that I have ſeen his name in the ſame books where I ſubſcribed my own; however, at my return, I ſhall take care for the honour of the Society, to have it expunged."

Phelim was ſo much taken with Leger's converſation and knowledge of the world, that he attached himſelf to him, and they became inſeperable companions, as he hoped to be much profited by his information and inſtructions. When his buſineſs in Dublin was finiſhed, he gave our Hero a preſſing invitation to ſpend a few weeks at his father's houſe: the invitation was excepted, and they ſet off together for Donovan Place, near the Lake of Killarny.

Leger was introduced, and received at Sir Melvin's as Mr Langſton, the friend

friend of Mr Patrick O'Donovan : this was sufficient to give him a welcome to all that Irish hospitality could press upon him; and in the evening, he entertained the listening family with the same tale he had told Phelim in the Coffee-house.

He now bid defiance to detection, and considered his obtaining a footing in the family of Sir Melvin, as one of the best *shifts* he had made in his life. The old Baronet naturally garrulous, and now much more so through age—was delighted that he had got a companion to talk with, who was as inexhaustible as himself, and thanked his son for introducing the worthy gentleman into his house.

Two days after Leger's arrival at Donovan Place, came a letter from Patrick, that through the interest of his father's friends and the expenditure of a little cash, he had obtained a Lieutenancy the Marines—he then proceeded to so-

licit a remittance, and recited his misfortune as the cause. Our Hero was all attention while the account was read, and frequently exclaimed, "There—you see, it was just as I told you—only the account of his imprisonment and all that, you know I had only by report. Well, curse that Leger, say I, the dog I hope will come to be hanged."

Leger continued to gain upon the good-will of the Baronet's family, and the perfect agreement there was between his tale and the letter, served much to establish and confirm his credit with them. The high opinion Mr. Phelim O'Donovan had of him, induced that young gentleman to seek all opportunities of conversing with, and consulting him: in order to do this, he frequently invited him to walk with him on the delightful banks of the Lake; and as Sir Melvin's gout prevented him from being of the party, Phelim was thus delivered

vered from the hinderance his father's garrulity occaſioned at home.

In one of theſe rambles, Leger aſked Phelim what was become of Charles Melvin and Iſabella? "You know," ſaid he, "my dear ſir, that your worthy brother communicated to me his unfortunate attachment to that lady, and the treachery of your couſin Charles: as I am ſo providentially brought to a ſocial ſituation with your family, I am naturally prompted to aſk that ſupplement to your brother's ſtory, he was unable to give: but if I am impertinent, and aſk what you wiſh to conceal, I beg you will make no difficulty in denying me; for though I am inquiſitive, I am by no means of a prying diſpoſition."

"My brother's friend and mine," ſaid Phelim, "need not make apologies for aſking queſtions relative to either of us. I have wondered a little that you did not aſk theſe queſtions before; but I con-

ſider that my father keeps you fully employed at home, and I, his eldeſt ſon and heir of his virtues (if talking be one) keep you as fully employed abroad."

"Why, to be ſure," ſaid Leger, "I think your brother was much more reſerved, than either your father or you." "No wonder," ſaid Phelim, "Pat is my mother's boy, and I my father's. You ſee at Donovan Place, a rarity; I may ſay a wonder. Lady O'Donovan is grave and ſedentary, and talks but little; but that little is to the purpoſe: my father, though advanced in years, is volatile and loquacious, but does not always talk to the purpoſe; and I his ſon—but I am giving you a ſpecimen of what I am, by running on as I do. I will endeavour to atone by attending to your queſtions.

The murder of Tinah had made a conſiderable noiſe in the country, but no one could conceive the motive from

which it proceeded, for the whole affair was a secret in our own family and in the breast of Isabella. My father wrote to that lady, requesting it might remain so until she heard farther from him. He then dispatched a messenger to request the attendance of Charles, intending to remonstrate with him in terms more gentle than the strokes of a horse-whip: and in hopes that it might appear upon examination that these assassins were not employed by Charles, but were robbers that acted from their own motives: I correct myself, he wished, rather than hoped, it might prove so.

The messenger returned, with tidings that Charles had set out that very morning for Cork; with a design to go to the West Indies. It was now too plain that the attack upon my brother and his servant was the contrivance of Charles; and, that his flight was in order to evade justice.

My

My father called a council of the family, and moſt of us adviſed to purſue the villain, and bring him and his accomplices to public juſtice; but the name of Melvin was dear to my father, for his mother's ſake: he wiſhed therefore, as it was not ſuſpected out of the family, but only by Iſabella, to avoid a public diſgrace to the family, by the infamous exit of one of the branches of it. We urged the cry of Tinah's blood, and the grief of his diſconſolate parents: we were anſwered, that Charles had choſen his puniſhment, the curſe of Cain was upon him, and he was a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth. That in conſigning him to his own guilty reflections, perhaps we inflicted a greater puniſhment, than by bringing him to public juſtice. As to Tinah's parents, he would, he ſaid, ſoften their ſorrows by ſuch teſtimonies of his pity for them,

as

as ſhould be more beneficial than vengeance for the blood of their ſon.

As to Iſabella, when my father's opinion was related to her, ſhe perfectly coincided with it. She has, I hear, dropped intimation to her confidants, that ſhe intends to embrace a life of celibacy: that is, I ſuppoſe, if Patrick does not ſhew reaſon to the contrary.

They now came in ſight of a new and elegant houſe, ſituated on an eminence, in a winding of the Lake, and commanding from its windows three moſt beautiful proſpects of it. Leger aſked who was the owner of that enchanting ſpot? Phelim ſighed and ſaid, "It belongs ſir, to Colin Dermer, a very intimate friend of my father, he is from home or you would have been introduced to him. I ſhould be very happy to gain admittance into that beautiful manſion:" "But why did you ſigh?" "Becauſe," ſaid Phelim, "that houſe contains the deareſt object of my affections."

"Strange,"

" Strange !" ſaid Leger, " that being ſo near the object of your love, ſhould make you ſigh ſo heavily ! it ought, I think, to excite contrary emotions:" "And ſo it would," ſaid Phelim, " could I perſuade my charmer to regard my vows, and favour me with hope that ſhe would be mine: but ſhe avoids me as much as ſhe can with decency to my family."——

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Visit to Clara—*a Sail on the Lake—the Boat oversetting produces a Wedding—* Leger's *Forgery.*

"CLARA Dermer, is the only child of our worthy neighbour," continued Phelim, "I have long loved her, and our parents are favourable to my wishes: this circumstance, in itself greatly desirable, is, I fear, a cross to my wishes; for she seems averse to me, in proportion as our parents seem desirous she should shew me marks of her favour: she has never yet heard me patiently on the subject of love: but when I have forborne to speak on that subject, she has sometimes assured me I was a worthy young man,

man, and as a friend and acquaintance; ſhe regarded me with eſteem."

"Is it that o'clock with her, Phelim?" ſaid Leger, "then my dear boy, ſing ha ala loo—utter all the wild notes that reſound from the cabins about you." "Why," ſaid Phelim, haſtily, "what do you mean by this rhapſody?" "Mean, Phelim, why, that you are ſure of her. But come, let us go and ſee this tigreſs, and then I'll tell you more of my mind."

"Sir," ſaid Phelim, "as her father is not at home, I have not permiſſion to viſit there." "The devil you have not! but pray have I any prohibitions? follow me, boy:" and ſo ſaying, they advanced to the houſe.

Clara had ſeen them from the window, and was not unprepared to receive them. Leger introduced himſelf, by ſaying, the elegance of the manſion, and the beauty of the ſituation, had drawn his ſteps toward it, that he might ſee the delight-

ful

ful profpects which the windows commanded: he added, that the good old irifh hofpitality, which never fhut the door againft a ftranger, emboldened him to afk admittance. Clara bid him welcome—was forry her father was not at home to entertain him; but as Phelim was no ftranger there, fhe defired him to fupply her father's place.

"Faith Madam," faid Leger, "he deferves that trouble, for it was his account of your beauty and perfections which brought me hither." She caft an indignant and contemptuous look on Phelim, which drove him to the window with his heart almoft broke. "I fear fir," faid fhe, "Phelim has injured me by his report, it will be beft for me to withdraw from obfervation; as he has full power to entertain you here, I leave you to his attentions." So faying, fhe withdrew.

Leger had watched her narrowly, and faw her eye follow Phelim to the window,

with

with a look very different from that which drove him there: "By God, Phelim," said he, "she loves you, but it is a romantic slut, and she has a mind to plague you: never mind, my boy, I'll manage her or the devil's in it, I know the sex well. If you have but as good a hand at executing, as I have at contriving, you shall be a bridegroom in less than a week after her father's return home." "That," said Phelim, "will be a few days hence."

"I think, sir," said Leger, looking through the window, "it must be pleasant sailing upon this Lake." "It is delightful," said Phelim, "but it requires dexterity to manage the sails, because of sudden squals from between the hills." "No matter, I would undertake to navigate the boat, if I could be so happy as to get one, and a party to go in it. I understand navigation perfectly, and have undertook the management of many a ship in which I have sailed."

"I

"I will provide a boat, and the party too," ſaid Phelim. "But Clara," ſaid Leger, "muſt be of the party, or my ſcheme will not ſucceed." "Then *you* muſt ſolicit her, Mr. Langſton, for I am ſure I ſhould not prevail."

"What is the depth of water round that point of land at the bottom of the garden?" ſaid Leger. "About three foot," ſaid Phelim. "And ſhould you," ſaid Leger, "have any objection to be wet to the ſkin?" What the devil," ſaid Phelim, "would you tumble us all into the water?" "Every ſoul of you, myſelf and all," ſaid Leger; "I will overſet the boat going round that point, then mind your buſineſs, gather up your damſel in your arms, but let her ſtruggle a little in the water firſt, and march to land with her; and then make a mighty merit of having ſaved her life."

Phelim was highly delighted with the ſtratagem, and determined to put it in ex-

execution; and they retired home to provide for it. Mr. Dermer had a sail-boat fit for their purpose, this they sent a messenger to borrow, and a polite letter from Counsellor Langston, requesting Clara to be one of the party: she consented. The day was fixed and every thing provided, such as viands, liquor and music, and on the appointed morning, they set sail to enjoy the pleasures of the Lake.

They sailed about in all directions, for Leger was determined to give them samples of his skill in managing the boat upon every tack. The music reverberated from the hills on each side the Lake, and had a most pleasing effect upon the ear: the day was clear, the weather was temperate, and every thing seemed to conspire to their amusement. Sometimes they lay too, and diverted themselves with angling, and sometimes they landed to wander in the shrubberies formed

ormed by nature, on the ſloping banks
f the Lake, compoſed of the Arbutes,
nd various other beautiful ſhrubs—they
ined upon an iſland in the middle of
he Lake, in a pavilion which was erected
or the purpoſe, and after dinner amuſed
hemſelves with country dances. Phelim
eſought the hand of Clara, but was de-
ied, the Counſellor ſolicited and he ob-
ained it.

The dances ended, and fortunately
r the ſtratagem, the wind began to blow
eſh: but Leger ſo managed the ſail,
hat every one loſt all fear of danger un-
er his care. At laſt, they reached the
oint of land; when Leger pretending
make a tack, took advantage of a
ual of wind, overſet the boat, and let
em all into the water.

Every one ſhifted for themſelves, and
ot to land, but poor Clara, whoſe fears
d deprived her of the power to exert
erſelf: Phelim kept his eye upon her as
he

he waded to the ſhore, and ſaw that her cloaths buoyed her up on the ſurface of the water: he landed, and ſuddenly turning round looked toward her, as though he had not marked her ſituation before: ſhe was ſinking, and ſtretched out her hands towards him: he ruſhed into the water, and brought her out in his arms.

He conducted her to the houſe, their dripping companions attending them: Phelim, by the way, condoling her ſituation; and ſhe, as well as her fright would let her, thanking him as the preſerver of her life. She retired to the care of her maids: and Phelim, at her requeſt, aſſumed the reins of government, gave orders to the ſervants, and he and his companions, after changing their cloaths, ſpent the evening joyouſly.

The next morning, Phelim waited to inquire of her welfare? ſhe expected him, and as ſhe had reſted well, and found no inconvenience from her bathing, ſhe was

up

up to receive him: ſhe called him her preſerver, and ſaid, ſhe ſhould never forget her obligations. Phelim embraced the moment to urge his ſuit, and was heard with attention: his affairs from that moment wore a new face, and when her father returned home, there remained nothing to do but to ſettle matters about the wedding.

When Leger called upon Clara, ſhe began to rally him upon his ſeamanſhip: "Oh, Madam," ſaid he, "who could have expected ſuch a damned ſqual juſt at that inſtant? We may thank you and that dog cupid; you for your obſtinacy to Phelim, and him for blowing us over out of revenge to you: but as you have repented and amended, I dare ſay we ſhall never be ſerved ſo again, ſo I forgive you."

The day arrived that was to put Phelim in poſſeſſion of his Clara. The ceremony was performed: and Sir Melvin, and Colin Dermer, aſſembled their te-

nants to celebrate the feſtival. The day was ſpent in every kind of rural mirth and paſtime; and in the evening, a proclamation was made to encourage marriage amongſt the tenant's children; purporting, that as many couples as would preſent themſelves in the morning, avowing a deſire to be married, ſhould be regiſtered for that purpoſe, and when married ſhould receive a liberal donation, to enable them to begin the world. That day month was appointed for the propoſed nuptials, and to be kept as a feſtival at the expenſe of the bridegroom Phelim O'Donovan.

This proclamation was productive of much buſineſs that evening: the quarrels of ſeveral lovers were made up—courtſhips but in embrio were brought to perfection—lads that had not aſked the queſtion, preſſed it with earneſtneſs—and maids, who had affectedly ſaid no; now ſaid yes—and ſome who had never thought

thought of the matter before, looked and liked, and embraced the prefent opportunity. Above twenty couple were regiftered next morning, and on the appointed day were married, and received their refpective donations.

Leger began to grow weary of his prefent fituation; for though he lived well, he was getting nothing, and his fpirit thirfted for adventure. He wifhed to finger a little more of the family cafh: the trick he had put upon Patrick, or any thing like it, would not do. He fet his head to work, and at laft, determined to try his luck at imitation.

For this purpofe he borrowed fome manufcripts of Sir Melvin's, pretending a defire to read and ftudy them at his leifure. He practifed at imitating his hand, until he made himfelf mafter of it: he then announced to the family, his intention to depart in a few days, which was reluctantly complied with.

Prior to his departure, he wrote a letter to Sir Melvin's banker, in the Baronet's name and hand, advising him that he had drawn upon him for fifty pounds: he then drew a draught, in the same hand, to be presented when he got to Dublin. The letter he sent by the post: he took leave of Sir Melvin and family, of Phelim and Clara, and made the best of his way to Dublin.

His heart misgave him two or three times, about presenting the draught, for he had a great dislike to St. Stephen's Green: but meeting with the Captain of a ship, bound to Liverpool, who was to sail that evening, he agreed for his passage: he then went to a coffee-house, sent for a Porter, and gave him the draught to go and get it cashed, pretending he was waiting for a gentleman he was afraid of missing. The Porter went, and Leger dogged him, resolving if

if the Porter was ſecured, to fly on board the ſhip: he ſaw him come alone out of the banker's, and haſted back to the coffee-houſe elated with joy. He receiv-ed the caſh, got on board, and that night bid farewell to Ireland.

CHAP. XIV.

Leger *at Liverpool — Glasgow — Edinburgh — and St. Mary-le-bone. — A Chapter of much Business — some of it to the Purpose.*

AT Liverpool, he assumed the Clerical character again, and appeared more in public than when he was there before. His pretence for being there was, that he was employed by some gentleman, who wished to compile a history of the County of Lancaster, to gather materials with respect to that town. To this end, he asked a variety of questions in every company. With merchants, he talked of commercial subjects; with surveyors and land-stewards, of

of topographical and traditional ſubjects; with farmers, of agriculture; with the clergy, of the foundation and emoluments of their ſeveral livings.

In conſequence of this proceeding, he was looked upon as a man of prodigious capacity and extenſive learning. He was always willing to do duty for any clergyman, by which means he made them all his friends, and rendered himſelf extenſively known. The oppulent ſought his company at their dwellings, ſo that he was at little expenſe, except for lodging and waſhing; which made Sir Melvin O'Donovan's fifty pounds, hold out well; but as it would not hold out always, it was neceſſary to think what was to be done next.

He formed a plan, and Scotland was deſtined for the ſcene of action: It was to commence a Preſbyterian miniſter, from the North of Ireland; to ſolicit contributions for the repairing of a meet-

houſe, building a ſchool-houſe, and eſtabliſhing a ſmall fund; which, together with voluntary contributions, would afford means for educating the children of the congregation, and preſerve and extend the proteſtant religion.

This ſcheme he thought an excellent one, and reckoned it would turn to good account: he therefore furniſhed himſelf with certificates and atteſtations, to be ready when he ſhould have occaſion to uſe them: and as the modes of preaching in Scotland, are ſomewhat different from that uſed in the Engliſh Eſtabliſhment; he determined to hear all the diſſenting teachers in Liverpool, and chooſe his model from among them. He ſoon fixed on the moſt popular preacher in the place; a man remarkable for his volubility, and amazing redundancy of epithets; ſeldom uſing leſs than ten, often more than twenty, where one would have expreſſed his idea: but no matter, it

it pleaſed his hearers, and procured him the appellation of a Medley of Sweets.

This good man, had a ſpecial knack of comforting the people of God, out of the prophecies in the Old Teſtament. Iſaiah and Jeremiah were his favourites, as being the moſt evangelical, and affording the largeſt ſcope for experimental preaching. Leger became a frequent attendant on his miniſtry, out of canonical hours; and ſtudied him both as to matter and manner, as a good example of that kind of preaching moſt likely to pleaſe in Scotland: it was alſo the more eaſy for him to imitate, as redundancy in epithets had always been uſed by himſelf, when he pleaded at the bar.

Our Hero continued ſeveral weeks at Liverpool, was reſpected as a clergyman, and eſteemed as a very fine preacher: his pretended employment, of making obſervations, and gathering materials for a hiſtory of Lancaſhire, rendered him

unſuſpected. He devoted one day to his manœvre, he waited on all his friends, and borrowed two, three or five guineas, as they could ſpare; alledging ſome accidental delay in his remittances from town. He had by the evening, collected about thirty guineas, with theſe he decamped at the cloſe of day, and ſet his face towards the North.

He arrived at Glaſgow before he opened his mendicant commiſſion: he was then the Rev. Cuthbert O'Neil Preſbyterian miniſter at Ballindary, in the County of Antrian. He preſented himſelf and his petition to the miniſters of the place, and they received him civilly, but not cordially—he was much diſappointed—he had reckoned of a hearty reception as a Preſbyterian, but national prejudice operate ſtronger than religious prejudice; for the Scots do not love the Iriſh: for what cauſe it is not our preſent buſineſs to inquire.

Another

Another disadvantage attended him: though they were tolerably well satisfied with him as a man of learning, he was deficient in that kind of solemn gravity, which the Scots think necessary for a Mess John. He preached a few times among them, but was not sufficiently profited by his Liverpool Lectures, to excel much in the edifying way.

He could do nothing here by public sanction and approbation: a very necessary matter in Scotland, and without which, little is to be done in the begging way: a few private donations was all he cou d procure, and that but barely defrayed his necessary expenses.

The old proverb of charity begins at home, also operated against our Hero: for a melancholy accident happening while he remained at Glasgow, the regards of the benevolent were properly turned to the objects of misery n arest to them. The massy chimney of an old

building in the Tron Gate, fell upon the roof and beating it in, buried the mother of a family, and ſix children in its ruins.

The mother was ſitting by the fire, with two of the children, who were twins, upon her knees, when the accident happened; theſe were killed upon the ſpot: the other four were buried under the ruins, where they remained for ſeveral hours before they could be delivered. The man who was from home, arrived almoſt as ſoon as the calamity happened: but what was his diſtreſs to find his whole family entombed in one heap of rubbiſh! the agonies of mind which he felt from conjugal and paternal ſympathy, gave uncommon energy to his nerves, and he laboured with thoſe employed to remove the rubbiſh with double exertion, urging and encouraging his aſſiſtants by all the motives his miſery could ſuggeſt—four of the children were with difficulty

got

got out alive, yet sadly bruised and maimed. A gleam of joy shot through the poor man's heart at seeing them; a short-lived joy, which expired at the sight of the woman and the infants, macerated and burnt in a most shocking manner.

The regards of the benevolent at Glasgow, were properly turned, as we have observed, towards these miserable objects, who deserved their compassion: and as Leger went there to receive, and not to give, he retired to Edinburgh.

He solicited the benevolence of this place, in vain: a want of proper recommendation from Glasgow, precluded all success: he was not so much as honoured with a pulpit, and private benefactions were fewer in number than at Glasgow—he turned his back on Edinburgh, cursing the wary Scots, and saying "This was the most *damnable shift* he had ever made in his life."

He

He left his Presbyterianism to the Devil and the Scots, as a matter he could make nothing of—got to London in a Berwick Smack, and sought out his old friend Peters, and the rest of the gang, to consult with them about future operations.

He had a nominal residence at the house of one Solomons, a Jew, but his real lodging was a garret in St. Giles's; he appeared daily upon Change, as a merchant, and went by the name of Alverez. Under this disguise he endorsed bills for the fraternity, for a trifling premium, till a routing time came, which dispersed them once more, each to *shift* for himself.

Our *man of shifts* and his colleague Peters kept together, and formed a scheme to recruit their finances, by depredations on tradesmen: this was a mode of *shifting* our Hero had not yet tried, but Peters was expert at it, and well knew the market where to dispose of what they got.

As

As Leger had by much the advantage of person and manner, he aſſumed the character of a country gentleman, taking up his reſidence in town, in conſequence of a large acceſſion to his eſtate. Peters was his valet, who was to report and vouch all this. A large and genteel houſe was taken in Mary-le-bone, near the Fields; and the cabinet-makers and upholders, ſet to work to furniſh it in the moſt elegant manner: the braziers and iron-mongers were ordered to furniſh culinary articles in a proper ſtile, and the linen-draper to ſend in a proper aſſortment of bed and table linen.

The houſe was to be ready for his reception by a certain day, and every thing compleat, and that day week all the tradeſmen were to attend with their bills for payment. While all this was doing, the gentleman was ſuppoſed to go into the country, and to return at the appointed time.

Peters

Peters was conſtituted Major Domo in his maſter's abſence, and received whatever goods were brought: he had a number of chair-women employed every day to clean the houſe, and ſet the things in order againſt the proper ſervants came up out of the country, which was to be a day or two before their maſter, that they might be ready to receive him.

At the time appointed, Leger appeared and his tradeſmen attended to know if he approved of what they had ſent in. He affected to be much pleaſed upon the whole, and only requeſted ſome trifling alterations; deſired them to be as moderate as poſſible in their bills, and attend him the next Monday at twelve, for payment.

They were punctual to the hour, and met at the door of the houſe: they knocked with the modeſt diffidence of ſuitors at a great man's gate, and when no one anſwered to the door, ventured

to rap a little louder: ſilence continued within, and one of them looking up at the windows, perceived the ſhutters were put too, as if the houſe was empty: their fears were now alarmed that all was not right, and they plyed the knocker with force, but alas in vain.

Such a number of men knocking at a door, naturally drew attention, and a crowd was ſoon collected: all were in one general opinion that the tradeſmen had been ſwindled, and that they ought to force into the houſe to ſeek after their property: this however was no eaſy taſk from the ſtrength of the faſtenings; ſo it was agreed to ſcale a wall, and attempt an entrance on the back part: this was effected, the ſtreet-door opened, and the crowd ruſhed in.

CHAP. XV.

Folly punished—Leger *takes up his Abode with* Mr. Pinkney—Leger's *Observations on the Sectaries*.

INDIGNATION and rage, seized every party concerned, at the sight of the gutted apartments: the whole house was as empty of every article of furniture, as if none had entered. Oaths, curses, and imprecations, resounded through all the empty rooms; uttered by the unfortunate sufferers: while among the spectators, the friends of justice and fair-dealing joined in the execrations; the fools, who delight in mischief, and are diverted at the sufferings of others, enjoyed the scene, as a piece of high fun; and gladly embraced the opportunity to shew their wit,

wit, by ſarcaſting inſults upon the complainants.

One perſon in particular, diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion: he was one of thoſe puppies, who by the inſolence of wealth, added to a brainleſs ſkull and an unfeeling heart, are frequently intolerable.

"By G d," ſaid he, "theſe fellows are cleverly taken in—my life for it, if one could ſee their bills, they had prepared for a fine harveſt—a country gentleman was a delightful fowl to pluck—but he has given them a Rowland for their Oliver, and matched the raſcals in their own way."—

He was proceeding in his wiſdom, when one of the agrieved parties, irritated by his inſolence and his own misfortune, ſeized him by the collar, "Sirrah," ſaid he, "you are concerned in this villany. and have the aſſurance to come here, and enjoy the fun of your damned ſucceſs; but curſe me if I quit

my

my hold of you, until I have delivered you to a conſtable, to give an account of the raſcals your aſſociates."

Maſter Billy was aſtoniſhed at the rudeneſs of the tradeſman's graſp, and bawled out that he was a gentleman, and would make him ſuffer for this aſſault. "Damn your gentility," ſaid the other, "we will try the merits of that in Poland-ſtreet." Some perſons preſent, who knew the Coxcomb, interfered, and aſſerted their knowledge of his perſon and family, and that he could not be ſuſpected of connections with ſwindlers. "Be that as it may," ſaid the enraged tradeſman, "he is at beſt, an unprincipled, unfeeling, empty-ſkulled ſon of a bitch."

So ſaying, he quitted his collar, and ſeized his noſe, which being remarkably long, was eaſily tenable: he led him by it to the threſhold, and with a kick on the breach, ſent him into the ſtreet.

The

The aſſembly now diſperſed, ſome to laugh and ſome to mourn: as to the country gentleman and his valet, they had taken ſuch care of themſelves and the property, that the injured parties could gain no intelligence of either: they ſold the booty and divided the profit, which was ſufficient to maintain them in affluence, until the rumour about ſwindlers was ceaſed.

Leger grew tired of his aſſociate Peters, and wiſhed to get clear of him, but this he found no eaſy matter. The juſtice of his country, however, ſtood his friend; for warrants being out againſt Peters for a forgery, he fled to Holland, and was loſt among the diſperſed of the tribes of Iſrael.

Leger now went to lodge and board in the family of a Mr. Pinkney, a linen-draper and haberdaſher, and from his ſpecious appearance of ſobriety, and contentedneſs with his accommodations,

they

they took a great liking to him as a good ſort of a gentleman.

Mr. Pinkney and family, were devout and ſerious perſons: they belonged to a congregation of one of the numerous ſects which abound in the city of London. They were plain, honeſt, and inoffenſive perſons, and quietly enjoyed their own mode of thinking and acting in religious matters, without diſturbing the quiet, or envying the liberty of others: more a great deal than can be ſaid, of many profeſſing ſuperlative godlineſs.

When our Hero took up his abode with them, he had formed no plan of future adventure; he was exiſting on the ſpoils of his laſt exploit, and truſting to occurrences and the verſality of his own genius to improve them: he ſtudied this family, and their religious connections, and thought it might be poſſible to reap ſome advantage by them.

He

He had never contemplated the ſectaries with cloſe attention, but had taken up a general notion of them, that their ſeperation from an eſtabliſhment, and its emoluments, was a proof of their honeſty, whatever were their miſtakes. But as neither honeſty nor religion, were any concern of his in a ſerious way; he had ſcarcely beſtowed a thought upon the men or their differences. He now conſidered them attentively; not only the ſociety the Pinkney's belonged to, but ſeveral others; and as he was penetrating and ſenſible, formed a judgment of them near the truth.

What that judgment was, will appear from a few minutes which he wrote upon a looſe paper, and which he left by accident behind him, when he left Mr. Pinkney's houſe, and which was in ſubſtance as follows,

"The vaſt number of chapels and meeting-houſes, under various and even

quaint

quaint denominations have led me to consider, what can be the cause of this multiform appearance of religion?

And first, it appears, that mankind are fond of mystery and nonsense, in proportion as it is uttered with ardency and zeal: the *matter*, mystery and nonsense, is powerful through the folly of human nature, to delude; and excels in power, in proportion to its incomprehensibility; but the *manner*, is most powerful: strong lungs—rapid utterance—violent action, and brazen impudence, are irresistable: where any of these is wanting, a goodly spice of the spiritual Billingsgate, in railing at, and slandering other denominations, has great effect.

Secondly, I observe that the bulk of the people constituting these societies, are plain, simple, unsuspecting people; either too lazy, or too dull to examine what they hear and see; if it were not so, these societies could not subsist. In pro-

proportion, as it happens ſometimes to be otherwiſe, we ſee the ſocieties ſcatter and diſſolve—or divide and ſeparate into new chapels and congregations.

Thirdly, I have thought, and upon ſcrutiny have found it true, that there are among them, men of deep heads and wily hearts—men of great pride, vanity and covetouſneſs—men of parts and diſſimulation; who rule and manage thoſe little communities, to their own advantage. I have obſerved, that theſe men generally have the lead; ſome in the teaching, and ſome in the managing way: that length and ſolemnity of countenance, volubility and boldneſs of diſcourſe, cant and affectation to the humble and ſubmiſſive—inſolence and overbearing to the refractory; are marks of great grace, zeal for God, love of goodneſs, and boldneſs for truth.

Fourthly, I have obſerved, that the teachers and managers of theſe ſocieties,

labour to eſtabliſh the following maxims: That the teachers ſpeak, as God by his ſpirit, gives them utterance—the prayer before ſermon—the expreſſions in it—indicate that God ſpeaks by them—wo therefore be to thoſe who doubt or contradict—ſome even pretend to bring immediately from God, without premeditation, what they deliver to the people—and demand implicit faith on pain of damnation.

Fifthly, I obſerve, that the peculiar dogmas of their reſpective creeds, are guarded with the ſame ſanctions, and with greater ſtrictneſs than the moral virtues; and that is eſteemed by ſome, to be a more dangerous ſtate, to doubt of poſitions that ſhock common ſenſe, than to be guilty of a moral evil.

Sixthly, I obſerve, that whereas formerly the enemies of the ſectaries, gave them nick-names to vilify them; they are now fond of aſſuming names as marks

of diſtinction. Hence we have heard of Nazarenes—Bevrans—Philadelphians—Evangelical Trinitarians.—Ebenezer—Salem—Providence chapels, and many others—names aſſumed with a deſign to attract notice, and hung out like the ſign of a ſhop.

Seventhly, I obſerve, that theſe chapels are guarded with turnpikes, or toll-gates, which forbid entrance any further than a little ſpace beyond the door, to any but thoſe who pay for their accommodation. There is no dependance upon the precarious income of generous voluntary contributions. It ſhould be put up over every door, Point d'argent, point de ſuiſſe. Or in plain Engliſh, *We teach for hire.*

I once thought the ſeparation of the Sectaries from the Eſtabliſhment (I mean the preachers and managers) was a ſeparation from its emoluments; but I have altered my opinion. The men in queſ-

tion were never likely to partake of thoſe emoluments, ſo have given up *nothing*: but if the obſervations I have made are juſt, they are in their preſent mode, in the way of getting *ſomething*. Emoluments in an Eſtabliſhment, reſult from patronage; but in the Chapel-buſineſs, they ariſe from acquired influence over the minds of men.

Eighthly, I obſerve, that moſt of the leaders of theſe ſectaries, mingle conformity and nonconformity together: and while they ſeparate from the Eſtabliſhment, retain its forms for Sunday worſhip; are fond of its habits, and when they can, will ſmuggle an epiſcopal ordination. They do nevertheleſs occaſionally pray without form, and preach without robes, to ſhew that they think theſe things of little conſequence; but a diſcerning eye, can ſee, their trimming conduct, tends to get cuſtomers of all ſorts: they advertiſe their particular exhi-

exhibitions as quacks do their medicines, inviting the public to attend. Upon the whole, I suspect many of them, like myself, are *men of shifts*: and when I review their managements, and the docility of their disciples, it seems to open before me a field for adventure.

N. B. These remarks no way respect the regular dissenters, whose separation was in its origin, a marked conscientiousness; and still appears to retain its original nature."

We have inserted these observations in this place, as they serve to throw a light upon our Hero's next metamorphosis, and explain the motives from which he acted.

CHAP. XVI.

Leger *commences a Sectarian Preacher—Comforts* Mrs. Tabitha Pinkney, *and makes her Will—She dies—His Contest for the Legacies, and Victory.*

WHEN Leger took up his residence with Mr. Pinkney, he professed himself a lawyer, but that he did no business; except occasionally to oblige a friend: they concluded from hence, that he had some certain dependance.

As he was mnch at home, he conversed much with the family; sometimes on religious subjects, which he owned he did not, to his shame, greatly understand; for law, not gospel, had been his study. He went with them frequently to chapel,

chapel, and ſoon became known to ſome of the principals there.

His being Mr. Pinkney's lodger, was alſo a circumſtance that drew particular notice upon him: and as he ſoon became regular in his attendance, it was thought neceſſary to ſhew him ſome friendly attention. It was very eaſy to do this, for whenever any of the brethren viſited there, he was ſure to throw himſelf in their way.

They began, with expreſſing their pleaſure at ſeeing him ſo frequently among them, and their hopes that he found a bleſſing in ſo doing: he thanked them for their chriſtian kindneſs, ſaid he had too much neglected his ſoul's concerns, but would now, by the grace of God, attend ſeriouſly to them; and begged their friendly aſſiſtance in this important buſineſs.

The connection thus began, proceeded rapidly through every ſtage, until

our Hero, who miſſed no opportunity of putting himſelf forward, was conſidered as a very gracious man, and likely to be a very uſeful brother.

His learning, volubility and earneſtneſs, raiſed him to great eminence and diſtinction; he made himſelf compleat maſter of all their peculiar tenets, and all their ſacred phraſeology: inſomuch, that he was ſoon looked upon as a man of God, cut out for much public uſefulneſs; and it was thought right, to perſuade and encourage him to exerciſe his gifts, for the edification of the church: he needed little or no prompting, nothing more was neceſſary, but an appearance of modeſty on his part, for the roſtrum was the elevation at which he aimed, as a ſituation that would give him peculiar influence among the people.

His exerciſes were highly approved: that overbearing impudence—that inſolent poſitivity—that ardent vociferation,

tion, which, when a pleader at the Old Bailey, he conſidered as Demoſthenian eloquence; and the improvement he made in epithets, by copying a Medley of Sweets, had now a grand effect, and he was pronounced a powerful preacher. He was invited to employ his talents, in aſſiſting their paſtor, until God ſhould call him to more extenſive labours elſe-where.

It is natural to ſuppoſe his qualifications would procure him many admirers: they did ſo: and amongſt the reſt, Mrs. Tabitha Pinkney, the mother of his hoſt, was greatly edified and comforted by his labours.

This old lady, had been many years a widow, was very infirm in body, and often much depreſſed in ſpirit, through doubts and fears about her eternal ſtate. She encouraged theſe from principle, as her teachers had perſuaded her, that ſuch a concern about her ſtate was a precious

mark that it was a good one. She was visited by many of the judious godly, at her own request, to whom she related her difficulties ; which they laboured to remove.

Her husband by his will, had left each of his children a sufficiency to set off comfortably in trade ; and the rest of his fortune he left to his widow, at her sole disposal, that her children might be induced to respect her. Her fortune was considerably more than was necessary for her own support, and drew around her many comforters, who were comforted by her in return ; for Tabitha was an excellent woman, of a generous disposition, and took delight in doing good : her enthusiasm indeed, often made her the dupe of some, who made a gain of godliness ; among these, our Hero was her principal favourite.

As she greatly admired his public exhibitions, so she was greatly pleased with

his

his private converſation with her about ſpiritual things—many a guinea did he draw from her, on one pretence or other; as he had taken care to inform her that his income was ſmall, and that he was precluded from encreaſing it, by his attention to better things: and many a guinea paſſed through his hands, as her almoner; the greater part of which ſtuck to his fingers, nnd never reached the parties they were deſigned for.

This office, however partially executed, gave him great reſpect and influence in the congregation: and it was to him applications were generally made, whenever Mrs. Tabitha's bounty was ſolicited. This circumſtance proved of great ſervice to him, as we ſhall ſee in the ſequal.

The money thus obtained, enabled him to indulge his appetites his own way, in places where it was not likely he ſhould be detected: and procured him thoſe

luxuries of eating and drinking, the frugality of Mr. Pinkney's housekeeping, and the appearance it was necessary for him to keep up, did not admit.

Leger considered that Mrs. Tabitha Pinkney was not only mortal, but a very old woman; and that the comfortable resource of her gifts to him, and her alms to others by him, would soon be cut off: he determined therefore to provide against a rainy day. He had heard of preachers, who had made more by the death of their admirers, than they gained by their lives: he resolved therefore to try to do something for himself.

He took his opportunity, in one of their conferences on death and futurity, to ask her concerning the manner in which she had disposed of the things of this world? "Madam," said he, "you have made a good use of your wealth in your life-time, it is your duty also to provide, that good may be done with it

after

after your death: you are as much answerable for the diſpoſal of it at laſt, as you are for the preſent uſe of it: you ſhould be very careful that no perſon having juſt expectations from your death, meet with a diſappointment, and that no room be left for litigation at law among your heirs.

Another thing I would ſuggeſt, that is, that the cauſe of God and religion, and the poor of the congregation will loſe a great ſupport when you are taken away from us: and as providence has bleſſed your children with conſiderable ſucceſs in the world, I leave it with you to think, whether it is not your duty to make ſome proviſion in this reſpect."

"Sir," ſaid Mrs. Tabitha, "I hope I have been conſcientiouſly attentive to theſe things; I have made my will to my own mind, and in the fear of God: I am, nevertheleſs, much obliged to you for your chriſtian concern that I ſhould

ſhould do right, I hope you will always be faithful to me as my ſpiritual friend."

"I am glad, Madam," ſaid he, "that you have a Will, you did well to attend to that important concern. I hope it was drawn up by a proper hand." "By my own," ſaid ſhe, "I wrote it myſelf." "Pardon me, Madam," ſaid he, "for though I have the higheſt opinion of your good ſenſe, yet the buſineſs of Will-making, is ſo diſtinct from what properly belongs to ladies, that I ſhould tremble at the fate of a Will drawn up by a female hand."

"I am told," ſaid ſhe, "It is a good one, but I will fetch it, and you ſhall peruſe it; I recollect you are a lawyer, and if any thing is wrong, you can ſet it right." The Will was fetched, it was read and reprobated, as laying the foundation of litigation at law: for his part, nothing in the world could be more eaſy than to ſet aſide ſuch a Will. "But ſo it

it is," ſaid he, "when perſons depart from their own particular province, they commit infinite blunders. I ſee you have been judicious in your legacies, but there are ſo many errors in form, that the Will cannot ſtand.

As I am a lawyer, I muſt underſtand theſe matters, but to make you eaſy, I will write you another from this as my guide, which ſhall be ſecure in point of form." The good lady begged him to ſet about it, as ſhe wiſhed to have every thing right for both worlds. "There is no great haſte, Madam," ſaid he, "as you have made up your mind to your ſatisfaction. God I hope will long ſpare you as a bleſſing to us, and as the ground work is laid, when we ſee danger, we can eaſily give it form: let us talk of ſomething more important.

On all his future viſits, he took every opportunity to magnify his friendſhip and ſervices to the old lady, and ſome-

times

times to intimate how great a ſufferer he ſhould be by the loſs of her patronage; but he truſted in God, who had hitherto provided for him when he was not his ſervant, would certainly provide for him now he was.

Mrs. Tabitha at laſt took the hint, and one day begged him to ſet about her will; at the ſame time, telling him, that in conſideration of his friendſhip and ſervices, ſhe wiſhed him to inſert a legacy for himſelf of fifty pounds: he thanked her for her love, but thought any thing to him had better be omitted, her children might think much of it, and he did not wiſh to grieve them, God would provide for him.

Upon her intreaty, he wrote the will exact in all particulars, though varying in ſtile with her other will, except where mention was made of himſelf; there he took the liberty, inſtead of fifty, to inſert one hundred. He read the will, but retained the word fifty in reading; ſhe

ſhe ſigned and delivered it in preſence of witneſſes, as her laſt will and teſtament: it was ſealed up and laid by, and never more read till after her death.

We have obſerved that our Hero was called to aſſiſt the paſtor in the labours of the pulpit; this for a conſiderable time was very acceptable; but Leger's growing popularity and influence, made his colleague at laſt wiſh to get rid of him. Preachers can as ill bear rivals as beauties: gain is not the only emoluments ſought by chapel-keepers, but applauſe and admiration: the congregation broke into parties: ſome ſided with the paſtor, and thought Leger took too much upon him; while others pleaded that the aſſiſtant's labours, which were by their own requeſt, deſerved a recompenſe out of the income of the chapel: Leger himſelf profeſſed neutrality, but he uſed every means to ſtimulate his friends in the contention.

At laſt an event turned up, which produced a kind of truce to their quarrel: a congregation in South Wales wanting a preacher, it was judged proper to recommend our Hero to them, and letters of treaty paſſed and repaſſed on the ſubject.

Mrs. Tabitha Pinkney was about this time taken ill of her laſt ſickneſs, and at her requeſt, and by his own free-will, Leger put off his Welch journey to attend her in her laſt moments. She paid the debt of nature, and was ſolemnly interred in the chapel burying-ground: our Hero made an oration at her grave, and the paſtor preached her funeral ſermon: an honour Leger aſpired to, for the ſake of the guinea, but was refuſed by Mr Pinkney, who in the late conteſts, had not thought ſo favourable of him as heretofore.

It is in the power of money, or rather the love of it, to make violent breaches,

breaches, even in the communion of ſaints. Mr. Pickney had reckoned upon receiving moſt of his mother's fortune at her death: but in this he was diſappointed: ſhe had made a more equitable and impartial diſtribution of it among her children than he expected: and when the will was read thus far, he looked very grave: then came her donations to the church and poor; and he began to be angry: but when Leger's legacy of a hundred pounds was anounced, he grew outrageous, and declared ſome unfair means had been made uſe of to induce her to leave a ſtranger ſuch a ſum: the laſt clauſe, which named him executor, and reſiduary legatee, a little comforted him, as he was determined to diſpute the hundred pounds.

Leger demanded it as his legal right, and as he had been artful to inſert in the will, that it ſhould be paid immediately after the death of the teſtator; he demanded

demanded immediate payment. Much altercation took place between them: Leger charging Pinkney with the ſin of covetouſneſs, called him an idolater, a lover of the world, and an enemy of God. The other in return, called him a deſigning knave, a tricking ſharper, and a wolf in ſheep's cloathing. Prophets and apoſtles were preſſed into the ſervice of each party, to furniſh them with words to abuſe each other.

The affair began to make a noiſe in the world, and Leger was contemptuouſly turned out of his lodging: the Society they belonged to, thought proper to call the parties and their cauſe before themſelves, with a view to prevent their going to law: the cauſe was heard, and the clauſe of the will read, which ſpecified, that for various friendly ſervices, and kind offices performed towards herſelf and family, ſhe bequeathed to the

Rev. Anthony Leger, the ſum of one hundred pounds, payable immediately after her death.

The general voice was in favour of Leger, and Pinkney was requeſted to ſtop a clamour ſo diſgraceful to religion, by paying the money. He alledged, that Leger had obtained it by fraud, that his mother had never mentioned to him any ſuch Legacy, and he was certain in his own mind, that ſhe knew nothing of the matter; that had it been a ring, or even mourning, he ſhould have had no ſuſpicion, but the enormous ſum of one hundred pounds, was not to be parted with eaſily.

Leger pledged on his part, for his integrity in the buſineſs, his conſcience as a chriſtian and a miniſter, and his honour as a gentleman, which ſet him far above the arts of a petty tradeſman—a covetous muckworm—a dirty——and he had certainly in his warmth ran into ſcur-

rility

rility, had he not been called to order, and reminded of what became his character.

Pinkney perſiſted in calling Leger a a ſharper and fraudulent fellow, charged the Society with partiality and injuſtice; and intimated that he would if he could diſpute the legacies left to them—he was therefore delivered over to ſatan, as a covetous worldly man, a falſe accuſer, and a ſlanderer of Chriſt's miniſters.

Some few days after the contending parties met by accident, and began mutually to abuſe each other. "Hark ye, Pinkney, you are, you know, delivered to the devil, have you no ſenſe of fear for the awfulneſs of your ſtate?" "Not at all," ſaid Pinkney, "I am no ſuch a fool, as to be gulled out of a hundred pounds by ſuch a bug-bear." "Bug-bear, ſir!" ſaid Leger, looking fiercely in his face, "then I will play the devil with you myſelf: thou fool! thou aſs! I am

a lawyer, and underſtand as many quirks of law as any one, and by G-d I'll ſouſe you."

"Hey day! my reverend brother, what ſwear? what throw off the cloke at once? depend upon it, I ſhall acquaint your brethren of this language."

"Acquaint them if you will, you fool, you noddy; you are caſt out already, as a falſe accuſer, and do you think they will believe you now? pay me the money, or I will not leave you a ſhirt to your back."

Pinkney was aſtoniſhed and confounded at Leger's language, and began to be frighted at his threats—he went to a lawyer to aſk advice, but met with no conſolation, as he could produce no evidence of fraud. He paid the money, and our Hero ſet off upon his Welch expedition.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Leger's *Converſation with* Hugh Lewellin —*Hiſtory of that Gentleman.*

LEGER was ſcarcely departed from London, when the paper we have mentioned, containing his obſervations on the Sectaries, was found in a cloſet in the appartment he occupied in Pinkney's houſe: this was accounted a valuable acquiſition, as it tended to juſtify the ſuſpicions Pinkney had entertained, relative to his mother's will: it could ſtand him in no ſtead as to the hundred pounds, but he ſent down a copy of it to the Welch congregation to which our Hero was going, and it was juſt time enough to

to meet him there, and defeat all profpects of adventure among them.

He did this out of mere revenge, to fpoil the fuccefs of our Hero where he was going, more than from the laudable motive of expofing the artifices of hypocritical and defigning men, which the paper pointed out; neverthelefs, the reafoning of the paper convinced him, that the chapel-bufinefs was a retail trade, and ought by fome mode or other to be fubjected to the fhop-tax.

We will leave Mr. Pinkney to enjoy his own fentiments, and attend our Hero on his journey. He arrived at Monmouth, without any remarkable occurrence:—at the inn there, he met with a gentleman, who was going the greater part of his road: they foon became pleafed with each other, and agreed to join company, and travel together.

It fhould have been obferved, that when Leger left London, he laid afide

whatever was peculiar to the laſt character he had aſſumed there; and thought it would be time enough to take it up again, when he got to his deſtination, and had occaſion to uſe it. He was ſimply a gentleman of no buſineſs, the beſt character in the world, to travel with, to avoid impertinent inquiries.

The gentleman our Hero joined company with, at this place, was an honeſt intelligent Welchman: he was young, but of great ſobriety and ſteadineſs; he was a man of learning, and for his years, had profited much by his obſervations. He was therefore an inſtructive and conſequently a pleaſing companion.

Their converſation the firſt evening, was chiefly miſcellaneous, but at laſt turned upon religion, and particularly the notions and cuſtoms of the methodiſts of South Wales: upon theſe ſubjects, Leger was deſirous of information.

"As

"As to their peculiar notions in divinity, the particular articles in their Creed," said the gentleman, "I can say nothing, as I believe they differ very much among themselves: but they appear to me, to be enthusiastic in their devotions, to the last degree: yet much of this enthusiasm depends upon the credit and reputation the preacher has among them. If he is one of great eminence, the people will follow him from place to place; some have travelled even thirty miles from home on these occasions—their assemblies are often tumultuous and noisy, and the shouts of the Gogonion and Hallelujah, resound from every quarter of the place."

"Gogonion," said Leger, "why what do they mean by that, sir?"

"Praise, or glory," said the gentleman, "and it is used to express the rapture they feel from the subjects they are hearing: my countrymen are indifferent

about nothing—they are ardent in every thing, whether they espouse or oppose; and in religion, when that takes them in the head, they sometimes act as if they were mad: It has often happened, that when one of their powerful preachers has throughly warmed them, Gogonions and Hallelujahs have not sufficed; they have proceeded to smite one another on the shoulder: the women to pull off one another's caps and handkerchiefs, and to roll promiscuously together on the floor: the fervour has lasted after the meeting has broke up, and Infantry and Cavalry have shouted and sung all the way home; and many a good horse has been spoiled by the enthusiastic fervour of his rider."

Leger heard all this with great attention, and thought within himself, that his journey was not unpromising: that his business would be to ferment their passions to delude their understandings; and then he might make a *shift* to do something

ſomething among them: but he proceeded to inquire further.

"Sir," ſaid he, "theſe people ſeem by their ſimplicity to lie open to the craft of deſigning men: Do not their preachers make pretty pickings of them?

"I believe not," ſaid the gentleman, "they ſeem to be as great enthuſiaſts as their hearers, but appear to be very honeſt men: now and then contributions have been levied upon them under falſe pretences by perſons from England, which has made them aware of impoſtors."

"Well ſir," ſaid Leger, "what other peculiarities have they?"

"They are very credulous, ſir," ſaid the other, "and believe almoſt any marvellous ſtory about miraculous interpoſitions of providence: they have almoſt as many legends of this kind as the Roman Catholics; and though nothing

thing miraculous has happened for many years paſt, they ſtill keep up the credit of theſe tales, and attribute it to the decline of religion among them, that nothing new happens now.

I will give you one of theſe legends as a ſample." "In a time of great dearth, a good man, a farmer, in Brecknockſhire, put a quantity of meal in a cheſt, which he intended to deal out daily to the poor as long as it ſhould laſt: he continued his pious work a long while, but the ſame quantity of meal ſtill remained. His own family-ſtock was exhauſted, and his family was obliged to have recourſe to the cheſt—it was ſtill inexhauſtible. And what was equally wonderful, a ſmall ſpring, near the houſe, after the cows had gone dry for want of ſufficient fodder, flowed every day with milk inſtead of water, at the hours of milking."

They are equally credulous about ſupernatural appearances; but in this they are

are not peculiar, most of the common people in Wales, are superstitious in this respect. It is said to be peculiar to the diocese of St. David, that before any sick person dies, lights like candles, are seen to pass from the house along the church path: and that this appearance is in consequence of St David, praying that every sick person in his diocese might have timely warning of their death. Out of that diocese, the blue burning of their own candles, do as well as St. David's, for it is generally considered as premonitory.

It is wonderful, (continued the gentleman) that my fellow Britons, whose faculties are as bright, and their mental powers as strong as the people of other nations; it is wonderful, I say, that they should be so tenacious of these things, but prejudices founded on old tradition are hard to be eradicated."

 "True,"

"True," ſaid Leger, "and they lay a fine foundation for the artful to work upon: but are you a Welchman, ſir, and ſo freely expoſe the weakneſſes of your countrymen?" "I am," ſaid he, "my name is Hugh Llewellyn, I may probably before we part, give you ſome account of myſelf: and as to my countrymen, I love their virtues, though I treat their weakneſſes with freedom. But we both require reſt after the fatigues of travelling."

The next day, as they travelled, they paſſ l a noble ruin, which Leger inquired the name of: "It is called," ſaid Llewellyn, "Rayland Caſtle; it was, in the time of the civil war, a garriſon for the king: and a ſtrong place it was, but Cromwell deſtroyed it: they ſay, he got poſſeſſion of it, through the treachery of a girl that was in the garriſon: and a window is ſhewn, through which ſhe waved

a handkerchief, as the ſignal for the troops to enter."

"I am fond of ſeeing ſuch ruins," ſaid Leger, "both becauſe they are monuments recording hiſtorical facts, and recall paſt tranſactions to memory, and becauſe they add a beauty to the landſcape about them."

"I think," ſaid Llewellyn, "the beauty would be greater if the building was compleat."

"By no means, ſir," ſaid Leger, "it is its being in ruins, that gives ſo pictureſque an appearance to the ſcene before us. But let us leave this ſubject: when will you gratify me with your ſtory?" "When we ſtop to dine," replied the other, "for as the weather is warm, it will be agreeable if you pleaſe, to wait for the cool of the evening."

After dinner Leger again claimed the promiſe of his fellow traveller, who aſſented, and proceeded as follows.

"My father, sir, is a gentleman of moderate fortune in North Wales; his residence is near Cærgurley, on the border of Denbighshire: his family is large, and I am one of the younger branches of it. My father's pleasure and my inclination was, that I should be brought up to the church. My father's inducement, was the patronage of the Wynn family; in whose interest he was, and of whom he expected a presentation for me:—Mine, was an earnest desire after knowledge, and I considered the clerical line as highly favourable to literary pursuits: from the Grammar School, I went to Oxford, and having obtained a Bachelor's degree, began to think of entering into orders.

A difference in political sentiments, at the approach of an election for the County, cut off the hope under which I was educated, and caused me to lay aside the thought of taking orders, for the

the preſent: I continued at home with my father, and uſed the exerciſes of the field, for the benefit of my bodily health, and courted the muſes for the improvement of my mind."

"But was not your father to blame, think you?" ſaid Leger, "to give up his expectations for you, for the ſake of a paltry election affair?" "Why, ſir," ſaid Hugh Llewellyn, "my father has as good Britiſh blood in his veins, as the Wynns, and is more nobly deſcended, as he derives his pedigree from Llewellyn, prince of North Wales. His mother was deſcended from Cradog, another famous chief of our nation; and I aſſure you, the Welch value themſelves much, and are much reſpected on account of their genealogies. My father thought his honour concerned in ſupporting his independance: he was always happy to concur with the Wynns, when his ſentiments coincided with theirs, but he had

too much welch pride to join the interest of any family, however rich and power- ful, where there was nothing better in his opinion to induce him to it, but the expectation of their favours."

"By God," said Leger, "your father is a brave fellow, and you are another: I love to patronise and support the spirit of independency. I believe I have it in my power, or shall soon have it, to reward you for your generous concurrence with your noble father."

"God bless you, sir," said Llewellyn, "my father and myself, will own ourselves much obliged to you, if you can serve us by your interest: and shall always be ready to shew our gratitude in every honourable way."

"My interest," said Leger, "I could do much for you with that: but I will do it myself, by my own proper right, and you shall be beholden to no one but me for it; and I will leave your in-

dependance

dependance untouched. I will not care which ſide you take in politicks."

"You are good, ſir, very good," ſaid Hugh; "how will my father rejoice, and make his cup of Metheglin ſparkle to drink your health, when I inform him that this unfortunate journey, as he thought it, has turned out ſo exceeding lucky."

"Well, go on with your ſtory," ſaid Leger, "and we will talk of theſe matters hereafter."

"My heart," ſaid Hugh, "had hitherto been a ſtranger to love; a few college-amours had engaged it for a few weeks or months, and it regained its uſual liberty, but now the caſe was altered; the charms of the beautiful Winifred Evans, ſubdued me paſt the power of roving; and I ſought every opportunity of making her ſenſible of her conqueſt. I ſucceeded in my addreſſes, and gained an intereſt in her heart.

Had

Had we been at liberty to follow our inclinations, I had not been a wanderer; but a powerful rival, ſpoiled all our proſpects of happineſs. Her beauty had captivated the heart of Owen Davies, he aſked her of her father, and his propoſal was accepted: Owen is a clown, an unlettered brute, he lives upon his own eſtate, which he farms himſelf, and is allowed to be one of the beſt farmers in the Country: his paternal fortune was good; induſtry and parſimony had made it great. His table ſeldom bears a heavier load, than a few eggs and ſome bacon; the produce of his own yard: and his cup is repleniſhed for extraordinary exhileration, with a little weak Metheglin, the produce of his own Bees. At common ſeaſons, a draught of Butter-milk or Whey, quenches his thirſt: his years are almoſt double thoſe of Winifred, and his perſon ſlovenly and unhandſome."

"Good

"Good God!" exclaimed Leger, "What could you have to fear from such a rival? In what respect could he be formidable to you?"

"Not with regard to Winifred's affections for he is calculated to excite loathing rather than love: but Mr. Evans, though he disapproves of his clownish and slovenly manner and appearance; yet he approves of his parsimony, and is enamoured of his fortune. Money is the old man's idol: and he conceives it the best good he can procure for his daughter: he is himself rich; richer than my father, whom he treated with disdain for his application in my favour. He commanded Winifred to receive Owen's addresses, and to refuse to see me more.

How vain are paternal prohibitions to stem the tide, or alter the current of love! my father's pride was hurt by the refusal; his nobility, though untitled,

was

was insulted by it: he considered his pedigree, as amply equivalent to the riches of Evans, and wished me to drop the affair: I begged him to forgive me if I disobeyed him, but my love was too powerful to suffer me to practice that prompt obedience to his will I had always done. 'You must try, Hugh, the necessity of the case requires it: your family is insulted in you.'——

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Hugh Llewellyn *in Continuation.*

"PATERNAL prohibitions were in vain to both of us. Winifred and I found frequent opportunities to meet; when we renewed our vows—lamented our reſtraints, and heartily wiſhed Owen Davies at the devil. As I never appeared near the houſe, we were long unſuſpected: we met at a tenant's of my father's, who was intirely in my intereſt, and whom ſhe was not ſuppoſed to know. She herſelf undertook to hold Owen at bay, and at length to tire him out, and provoke him to leave her: what that deliverance might work for us, we could not

not tell, but our fears, on his account, would then be over.

Short lived are all the joys of life, and often rendered so by our too eager enjoyment; these stolen interviews constituted all our present happiness, and we repeated them too frequently. Winifred was always fond of a solitary walk, but she grew more fond of walking than ever, and was longer absent: her Aunt, who kept her father's house, and who of consequence was her Duenna, had her watched; our meetings of course were soon detected.

Mrs. Abigail Evans, was an ancient virgin, I verily believe, as her figure when young, I am sure, would have palled the appetite of the coarsest clown; and now she is old, her ugliness has made her suspected of being a witch. She is warm in the interest of Davies, for she is as covetous as the devil: the sight of one of his guineas now and then,

then, made her perfectly vigilant. She acquainted her brother and Owen with the discovery she had made. Winifred was ordered never to stir out without her Duenna; and to keep Abigail faithful and watchful, the profits of the hen-roost were added to her perquisites.

Winifred thus committed to the care of Abigail, the old hag proposed to sleep with her; but this she peremptorily told her father, should not be: she had enough of the old beldam in the day, and was resolved to have her hours of repose uninterrupted: he said, 'He had given her Aunt absolute authority, and it was her duty and interest to submit.' From that moment, she determined to torment her, by all the means that female spite could contrive.

When Winifred retired to rest, her keeper followed her: 'What do you here?' said the niece, 'get to your own room, or I protest you shall pass such a

night

night of torment as you never paſſed in your life.' 'Very well, Miſs Winny, we ſhall ſee that; here, pin this ribbon about my head, to keep my night-cap tight.' Winifred, glad of an opportunity to begin her operations, took the largeſt pin ſhe could find, and with a careleſs air, pinned the ribbon through cap, ſkin and fleſh. Abigail roared aloud, and brought her brother, and all the ſervants, to know what was the matter ſhe ſoon extracted the pin from her head, and was pouring out a torrent of abuſive language on poor Winifred: the ſervants laughed heartily, and departed. Mr. Evans refuſed to interfere and left them alſo.

The old lady had a favourite ſet of antique china, which ſtood on a cheſt of drawers, in Winifred's room; of theſe ſhe was exceedingly careful: 'Huſſy,' ſaid ſhe, 'remove my cloak from that table.' Winifred obeyed, by ſnatching

up

up the cloak, and with an air of anger and contempt, threw it from her in ſuch a direction as to ſweep the greater part of the china before it, and a moſt terrible ſlaughter was made. Abigail, ready to burſt with rage, flew to the ſcene of deſolation, while Winifred, pretending ſurpriſe at what ſhe had done, took the candle to light her, and as ſhe ſtooped to gather up the fragments, ſet fire to her cap, and burned the greater part of her hair off her head. Abigail ſwore her neice had a deſign upon her life, and withdrew to her own room to meditate revenge.

She ever after contented herſelf with the key of Winifred's apartment, and locked her up carefully every night: in the day, ſhe inſiſted on her attending her whenever ſhe went about her buſineſs, for ſhe was not to be truſted out of her ſight: letters might be wrote, or meſſages ſent, but ſhe would take care to

prevent

prevent them. So they viſited every place that required care and inſpection until they came to the hen-rooſt: this was Abigail's peculiar property. As ſoon as they entered, Winifred made ſhift to ſet her foot upon a young duck, and killed it: Abigail giving her an angry puſh, ſhe ſtaggered, purpoſely, upon a neſt of eggs nearly hatched, which the hen had juſt quitted for food; of theſe ſhe demoliſhed nearly half: Abigail ſcolded like a fury, and gathering up all the eggs that were for market, into a baſket, bid her carry them in, and try if ſhe could not break them by the way.

This Winifred was determined to do: and pretending to be frightened at a running cow, threw down the baſket, and took to her heels. The ſight of the ſmaſhed eggs, wrought Abigail's paſſions into ſuch a tempeſt, that ſhe raved, curſt and ſwore like one diſtracted.

Every

Every day brought some rash calamity upon poor Abigail, for Winifred's ingenuity was always at work to contrive mischief, which Owen was obliged to repair by his presents: he continued his visits, which Winifred was compelled to receive, though she always candidly told him her heart and vows were another's; a confession which put him upon the barbarous design of destroying me.

Winifred knew that I should leave nothing unattempted to keep our correspondence open; persuaded that I should surround the house, to watch for a signal, when every light was out but her own, she set it in her window, which looked into the garden: I leaped the fence, and giving a signal that I was there, she opened the window, and let down a letter by a string, to which I fastened another in return.

This mode of correspondence continued awhile, and I at last persuaded

Winifred,

Winifred, by the moſt ſolemn promiſes of honour, to permit me to enter the window. I did ſo by the help of a ladder, which I ſo carefully replaced at my departure, that no one could tell it had been removed.

I mentioned Owen's attempt upon my life:—I had been at Wrexham, to market for my father, and ſtayed ſomewhat late. I obſerved Owen quitted the town before me: as I was riding home, a piſtol was fired at me from behind a hedge, and the ball grazed my ſhoulder: the flaſh and report, made my horſe fly, ſo that I could make no diſcovery who it was: as ſoon as I recovered the government of my horſe, I returned to the ſpot, but no one appeared; I concluded therefore it muſt be Owen, but as I had no proof, I was ſilent about my ſuſpicions.

Mr. Evans was tired with Winifred's obſtinacy—Abigail was tired of being tor-

tormented—Owen was tired of making presents to Abigail, and fruitless visits to Winifred—they met in counsel, and it was agreed, that her father should compel her to marry Owen the next week, and she had notice given her to prepare for it.

This was a dreadful stroke to both of us; but Winifred was determined to perish rather than submit. Filled with indignation at the horrid purpose, she was easily persuaded to consent to elope with me, to escape the severities she must expect, in consequence of her obstinacy; and we fixed upon the night prior to the wedding-day.

My heart burned with revenge against Owen, for his base and cowardly attempt upon my life; and his cruel intention to force the unwilling Winifred to his detested bed. I resolved to punish him: I did it in the following manner. I procured four stout fellows of my fa-

 ther's

ther's ſervants to aſſiſt me, and promiſed them a handſome reward. Owen was very ſuperſtitious, and dreadfully afraid of aparitions and devils; ſo I reſolved to plague his fears as well as puniſh his carcaſs. I dreſſed myſelf and fellows in fantaſtic habits: to appear like nothing human, we blacked our faces, made large red circles round our eyes, and put pieces of broken tobacco-pipes within our lips, for teeth, which anſwered the double purpoſe of altering our ſpeech, and of giving our countenances a horrible grin—our whole appearance was really terrifying, and ſufficient to perſuade Owen we were devils indeed.

Furniſhed with a ſtrong blanket, we waited in a ſecret place for Owen's return from his intended bride, the evening before the appointed day: we ſeized our prey, whoſe terror at our appearance deprived him at firſt of the power of ſpeech. We dragged him into a field, diſtant

diſtant from any dwelling—we ſpread the blanket, my four imps faſtened on the corners of it, and myſelf the maſter devil, ſeizing the terrified victim, threw him into the midſt.

His diſcipline now began, and like true devils, we enjoyed his ſufferings. The exerciſe of the blanket brought him to his ſpeech, and he began to beg for mercy: with the moſt hideous voice I could aſſume, I bawled in his ear, Thou ſhalt do no murder: and gave the ſignal to toſs him again. The wearineſs of his tormentors, procured a ſecond reſpite, when he renewed his ſupplications; and was anſwered, Thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbor's wife: a third toſſing took place, and being ſore with what he had already ſuffered, he howled lamentably: his tormentors deriding him, and telling him how they would make him howl in hell.

When we had wearied ourſelves as well as Owen, we rolled him up in the blanket, and ſkewered it faſt. In that ſituation we left him, and retired to ſtrip off our diabolical habiliments. I diſpatched a boy to Wrexham, to wait for me—one of my devils prepared a horſe and pillion, and waited at an appointed place—myſelf flew to my charmer, who was waiting, and gladly deſcended the ladder, which we did not ſtay to remove, but mounted the horſe:—we reached Wrexham by day-break. The boy returned with the horſe, and we ſet off in a poſt chaiſe for Cheſter, in order to go to Gretna-green.

Our joy for our eſcape was of ſhort continuance: one of the horſes loſt a ſhoe before we reached Gresford: no carriage was to be procured in that place, and we were obliged to wait till the ſhoe was re-placed: This delay filled us with a thouſand fears of being overtaken, and made

made it noon before we got to Chester. Disappointment upon disappointment followed us; for here, at one inn, horses could not be had, under two hours: another could not supply a carriage under three—at last after much delay, stepping into a chaise, the furious father of Winifred rushed by me, and seizing his daughter by the arm, drove her into the house."

CHAP. XIX.

Lewellyn's *Story concluded*—Leger'*s Advice and Promise*—*Shift at Abbergevenny*—*Arrives at his Destination*—*Return and Death.*

"I Dismissed the post chaise, as being now useless and entered the parlour, where Winifred and her father was; and found my charmer sunk at his feet, and imploring his pity, that he would not compel her to marry that abominable man: he stormed and raved at her with great heat and passion, and told her that the step she had taken, had delivered her from the importunities of that worthy man, who now upon no account would unite himself to one who had made so scandalous an elopement.

I ventured to interfere, by begging him to be pacified: I assured him, nei-

ther Winifred nor myself had thought of the elopement, but for the determination of solemnizing the detested marriage with Owen Davies—that we were solemnly contracted to each other, and that, if he could not be brought to accede to our contract, we must remain single, for Winifred never should be forced. He poured upon me a torrent of abuse, to which I calmly replied, "The father of Winifred may take this liberty, but no other man: however, sir, I am certain I cannot have deserved this treatment, for though I am inferior in point of fortune, my offered alliance is no disparagement to your family." "I understand you, said he, you are of the race of Lewellyn, Prince of Wales, a princely race of paupers—you have been educated too for the church, which is a genteel thing: go, boy, and get a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, if you can, then marry into an illustrious family like your own,

and rock the cradle while you make your ſermons."

Winifred, ſaid I, giving her my hand, which ſhe received, I ſwear to you by the honour of my anceſtors, I never will give this hand to another: your cruel father has power to divide our perſons, but not our affections: we muſt ſubmit to this exerciſe of his power; but ſhould he attempt to unite you contrary to your inclination, the deareſt blood of your Llewellyn ſhall be ſpilt in your defence.

"Excellently romantic!" ſaid he, "my brave young Quixote, but go home and cool a little, old Evans will ſtill claim the right to diſpoſe of Winifred."

I returned home ſufficiently ſhagrined at what had happened, but ſo leiſurely, that the night was far advanced before I reached it: I there learned the report of the day, which was, that Abigail went in the morning into her niece's room, found the window open, the ladder

againſt

againſt it, and her priſoner gone: ſhe alarmed the houſe, and her brother diſpatched a meſſenger for Owen, but no Owen ws to be found: another was ſent to my father, to enquire after me, and my being from home, fixed the ſuſpicion that we had fled together, but Owen's abſence remained a myſtery: the purſuit was made, and ſucceeded as you have heard.

As to Owen, it was late in the day when he was found. A labouring man paſſing that way, ſeeing a large bundle lying in the field, was induced to examine it, but hearing it groan, fled, frighted out of his wits: he alarmed his neighbours, who going in numbers, encouraged one another: ſome ventured to move it with their feet, which made the groaning increaſe, as poor Owen began to fear the devils were come again to torment him. They at laſt ventured to unſkewer the blanket, but the operators were obliged to retreat a few paces back when they

had opened it, for the perſpiration he had been in, and other matters that had happened to him, emitted ſuch an efflu-via, that they were glad to give the wind leave to carry it away.

Owen aroſe, and looked around him with a rueful countenance; but when he ſaw no devils, but the poor Welch pea-ſants, he began to move towards his own houſe: a thouſand inquiries from half a hundred tongues at once, impeded his march: but all the anſwer they could get, was, that a number of devils had toſſed him in a blanket, and had left him faſt-ened up in it; and ſuch an effect had his ſtory, that not a ſoul would touch the blanket, leſt the devil ſhould claim it; but one of my devils made bold to take it as ſoon as it was dark.

When Owen returned home, he was informed of Winifred's flight, and the purſuit after her: he reſolved if ſhe ſhould be overtaken, to make her flight his ex-

cuſe for dropping his pretenſions, but his fear of the devil was the real cauſe.

When Mr Evans heard the tale of his friend's diſaſter, he at once gueſſed who had played the devil with him, and ſwore, to be revenged on me, he would proſecute me for ſtealing an heireſs—my father (to avoid trouble) adviſed me to take a tour for a few weeks, that the old gentleman's wrath might have time to cool; and in obedience to his requeſt, I am at preſent your fellow-traveller.

I ſometimes hear from home, but nothing certain concerning my dear Winifred, only that Abigail and ſhe, mutually torment each other: for her I am anxious, could I but contrive to correſpond with her, it would lighten the pains of abſence, and deliver me from a thouſand fears upon her account."

"Well done, my boy," ſaid Leger, "you played your part well, and deſerved better luck; but never mind, my lad, I'll carry you through; you ſeem to be a

deſerving young man, and I have taken a great liking to you: perhaps if you was tolerably well provided for in the church, it might have conſiderable influence with Mr Evans; what think you?" "Sir," ſaid Hugh "the only difficulty lies there, but as I am unprovided—as my father's family is large, I am, to be ſure, poor in compariſon of Winifred, who is heireſs to many thouſands."

"Courage, my dear friend, I can ſerve you, and by G-d I will, I have no one belonging to me, fit for the church, and I ſhall ſoon have a valuable living at my diſpoſal: the rectory of Congleton, in Cheſhire, is worth three hundred a year, the preſent incumbent very old and infirm, and the next preſentation is in my gift, what ſay you to it?"

"O ſir," ſaid Llewellyn, "I dare not lift my hopes ſo high; how can I hope that a ſtranger would generouſly beſtow

ſuch

ſuch a living upon me; and it is out of my power to offer any gratuity for it."

"I aſk nothing but gratitude," ſaid Leger, "the law of Simony forbids all traffick in livings; but ſuppoſe when you are inducted, a poor friend of mine, whom I wiſh to ſerve, to whom a thouſand pounds would be of great uſe; could you be grateful? you underſtand me, Winifred's fortune would enable you."

"Could I be grateful? my God!" ſaid Llewellyn, "may I be curſt with the loſs of Winifred, if I bear a heart capable of ingratitude."

"Well well, we will ſettle thoſe matters at a proper time, now you ſhall follow my advice: go home immediately and renew your application to old Evans, and tell him your proſpects—I will write letters to him and your father, to corroborate your aſſertions."

"Ten thouſand thouſand bleſſings on your heart," ſaid Llewellyn, "Winifred

is

is mine, and we ſhall both bleſs you as long as we live, but I think it is time we were moving."

"Call for the bill," ſaid Leger, then feeling in his pocket, "I wiſh," ſaid he, "we were at Abergevenny, for my caſh runs damnably low." "Never mind it," ſaid Hugh, "I have plenty, my father gave me twenty pounds, and ſome little I had of my own, ſo I can well afford to bear our expences." "No no," ſaid Leger, "I had no ſuch meaning, beſides I can find enough to carry me to Abergevenny, and there I expect to meet bills to a conſiderable amount."

They arrived at Abergevenny in the evening, Leger requeſted Llewellyn to order ſupper, while he went to the poſt-office to ſee for letters; he went to another inn, and drew draughts for different ſums, payable at different dates, and indorſed as if they had gone through ſeveral hands. With theſe he returned in high ſpirits; they ſupped and chatted of

Winifred,

Winifred, Evans, and of Congleton: the laſt ſubject Leger dwelt upon, and drank a long repoſe to the preſent incumbent. Lewellyn was all life and ſpirits, and Congleton was not out of his head the whole night.

In the morning, Leger preſſed him to depart, and called for the bill: "But I ſuppoſe," ſaid he, "this fool of a landlord, is ſo much a ſtranger to negociable bills, that I ſhall not get him to caſh one for me; and without caſh I cannot go on. Let me ſee, here is one for fifteen pounds, at a month. Now as you ſay you have caſh, if you can do it, I would not run the hazard of a refuſal from an ignorant raſcal."

Congleton filled the head and heart of Llewellyn, he drew out a ten pound bank, and five pounds in caſh. "But have you caſh to carry you home?" ſaid Leger, "for I would not for the world you ſhould have the plague of getting it caſhed upon the road." "I am frugal as

as a Welchman," ſaid the other, "and have enough."

They took each others addreſs, with a promiſe of writing, and if Leger's affairs would permit, he was to make a viſit to the neighbourhood of Cærgurly.

Our Hero having parted with his Welch companion, moved towards the place of his own deſtination, where he expected to be received with hearty ſpiritual welcome: the place was a village near Cardigan: he prepared himſelf as he travelled to reaſſume his reverend character, and had planned his firſt diſcourſe among them.

He arrived, and to his great ſurpriſe found that his righteouſneſs had gone before him: his good friend Mr. Pinkney, had wrote down an account of his mother's Will, and a copy of the obſervations on Sectaries. He attempted to juſtify himſelf as to the affair of the Will, and to treat the paper as a malicious forgery: but the Britons were by no means convinced, and would not per-

mit

mit him to make one exhibition among them.

Disappointed and chagrined, he returned to Cardigan, where he endeavoured to drown his vexation by drinking. When his intoxication was over, he considered that as summer was gone, he had better return to town, and try what the winter would produce in his favour; but resolved to lay aside intirely his religious character.

He arrived in London, and was for a while a gentleman, until profuseness in expenses, and a dearth of expedients to procure supplies, reduced him again to poverty and rags: he could no longer frequent coffee-houses and taverns; his shabby appearance and slender finances, would not admit it: he frequented therefore those places where he could drink cheapest, and mix with company as shabby as himself.

In one of these places he picked a quarrel with an Irish Chairman, a strong athletic

athleitic fellow: they were both violently heated with liquor, and by aggravating words, became furious with passion. Leger, ever conceited of his boxing abilities, undertook to chastise the Irishman, who gave him a most severe drubbing. Intoxicated with liquor and passion, and dreadfully bruised, he could scarcely crawl home to a miserable lodging. he took to his bed in a violent fever, where he languished, and must have perished for want of necessaries, had not the humanity of the poor, but industrious people of the house, afforded him assistance.

In this sickness, he felt the want of rectitude of heart to support him in the views of death, which to himself and all about him appeared inevitable: his consciousness of having acted contrary to all the restraints of honesty and honour, would not permit him to look up with hope to that God who is strictly just, and whose

whoſe name and vengeance he had ſo often called upon in falſhood and deceit: he graſped at the doubt of an hereafter, and wiſhed to perſuade himſelf there was none. When urged on that ſubject, he would reply peeviſhly, "Who knows any thing of the matter? has any one ever returned to tell us? as to the opinions of the religious, they are ſo various, confuſed and contradictory, there is no forming a judgment from them."

Through much perſuaſion he conſented that Rufa ſhould be ſent for: his treatment of her, had ſo greatly weaned her affections from him, that ſhe fled not on the wings of love to comfort and aſſiſt him: her reputation as a wife, required ſhe ſhould viſit him, and ſhe complied from that motive; but with ſo little haſte, that ſhe arrived but time enough to ſee him leave a world he could impoſe upon no longer.

Thus

Thus ended the career of Anthony Leger, Esq. or, *The Man of Shifts*: a man possessed of abilities, natural and acquired, which might have made a shining figure in the world, and have been a blessing to himself and all connected with him: prostituted as they were to the vilest purposes of deceit and cozenage, they became a curse. Either his craft or cowardice, or perhaps both, prevented him, except once in Ireland, from actions that would have involved him in felony: nevertheless, his depredations on the property of those he duped, where the same in effect with those of the common thief. He lived abhorred by those who knew him, and died unlamented, and almost unpitied.

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